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No. 98

FEBRUARY

10c

BIG
SHOT

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GEORGE W.?





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Only \$6.95

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\$2.49

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An ideal place to hide bills, valuables and still carry them with you. Made of top quality, long-lasting fine leather.

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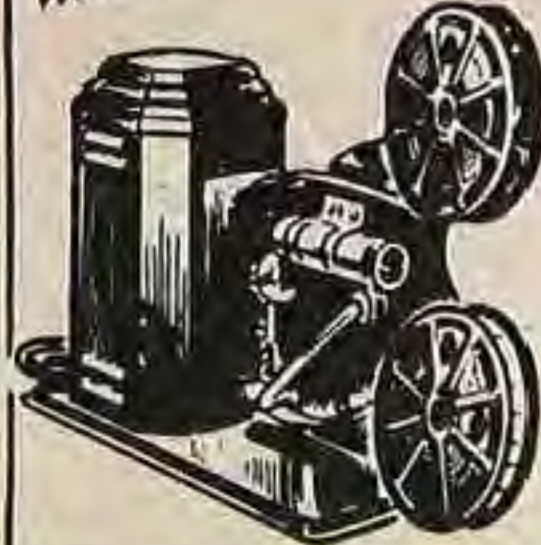
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You Can Now Get This Brand New Golden-Tone Harmonica PLUS Simplified Course of Instruction that Quickly Teaches You to Play Song Hits of Every Kind for only \$1.49.

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Multiplies and Divides INSTANTLY

Get the right answer every time! Mistakes are impossible with this handy new invention! Divides up to 144, multiplies any primary number in a flash. Fits conveniently on pencil. Send no money—on arrival pay postman just 49c plus postage. Check No. 593 on coupon!



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Sensational new invention attaches to your radio. Speak into Mike and your own voice comes through the speaker, as if you were broadcasting! Astound your friends as your voice comes over the 'air'. No one can tell the difference unless you give the joke away! Amazing "MIKE" looks just like a real microphone. Get one today! Just \$1.49. Order by number. No. 641.

HOW TO ORDER

Just check items wanted and mail your order to HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. 000, 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. EXTRA—if your order totals \$2.00 we will send you as a Gift our "Throw Your Voice" device. If your order totals \$4.00 or more you get the Jumping Snake PLUS the "Throw Your Voice" device. Order TODAY. (If you want only a FREE Catalog write name and address on a penny postcard.)

HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. 510
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send me the items I have checked below:

- ☐ 669 JOY BUZZER.....\$.69
- ☐ 141 MIDGET ADDING MACHINE..... 2.98
- ☐ 396 MILITARY WRIST WATCH . . . 6.95
- ☐ 534 COMB-A-TRIM..... .89
- ☐ 641 RADIO MIKE..... 1.49
- ☐ 808 HAND OPERATED PROJECTOR... 7.95
- ☐ 609 SQUIRT RING..... .69
- ☐ 720 PLATE LIFTER..... .69
- ☐ 706 SECRET MONEY BELT..... 2.49
- ☐ 117 LEARN TO DANCE..... 1.00
- ☐ 582 DRIBBLE GLASS..... .49
- ☐ 721 ELECTRIC LIGHT BOW TIE..... 1.98
- ☐ 624 HARMONICA..... 1.49
- ☐ 593 MAGIC PENCIL..... .49
- ☐ 414 IMITATION SPIDER..... .69
- ☐ 740 BARKING DOG..... .69

☐ My order totals \$2.00. Send me "Throw Your Voice" device as a Gift. ☐ My order totals \$4.00 or more. Send me "Throw Your Voice" device plus Jumping Snake.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

EXTRA

At No Additional Cost if Your

Order Totals \$2.00

Be an "EDGAR BERGEN"

"Throw Your Voice!" Confuse people at parties or in crowds by seeming to be calling some one in an emergency. Call for "Help, Help," "Get Me Out of Here." Get parties to laughing. Easy directions.



IF YOUR ORDER TOTALS \$4.00 YOU ALSO GET

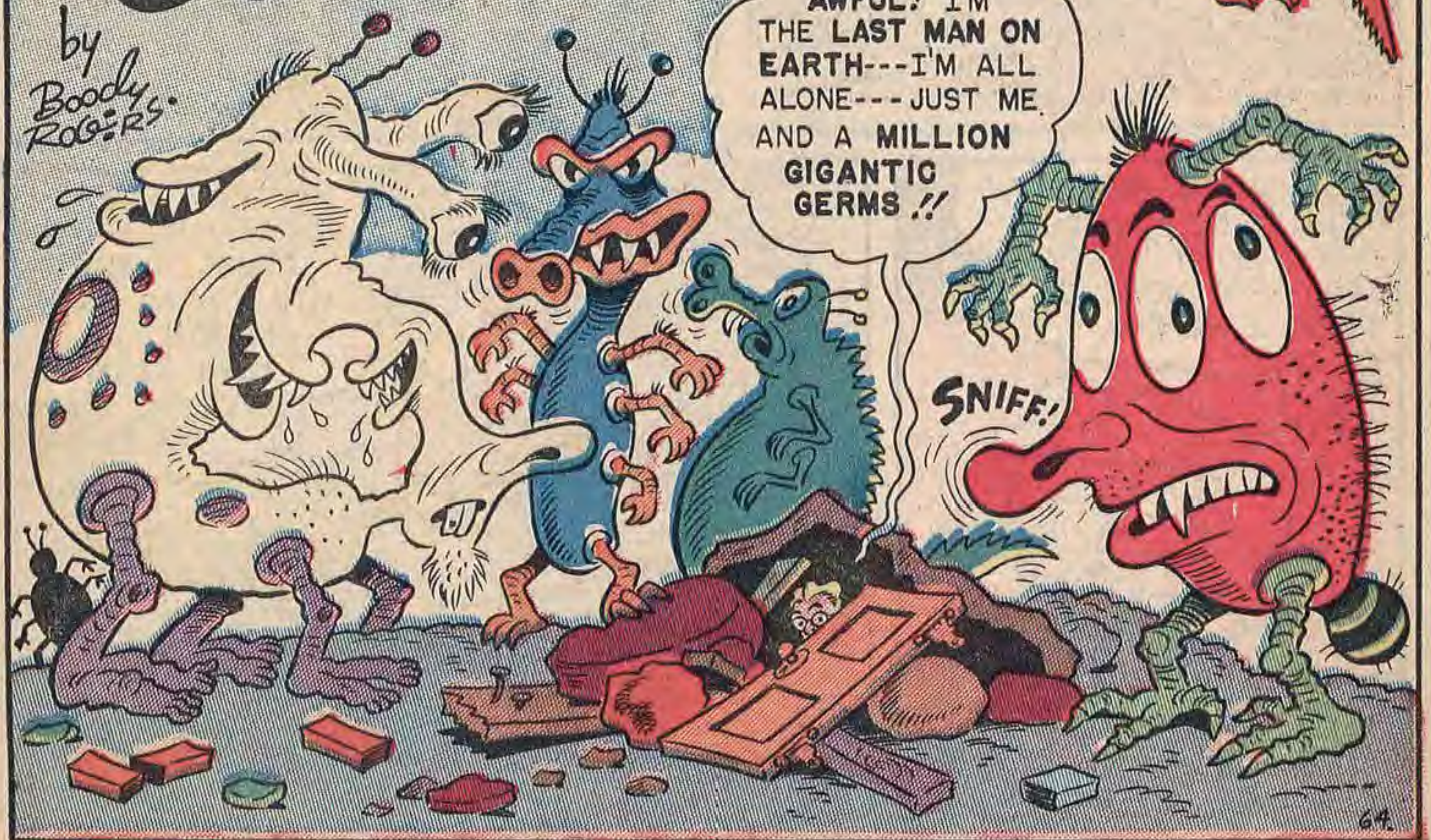
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Open an innocent looking cold cream jar and a realistic green snake jumps in your face. Give it to your girl friend and watch her jump.

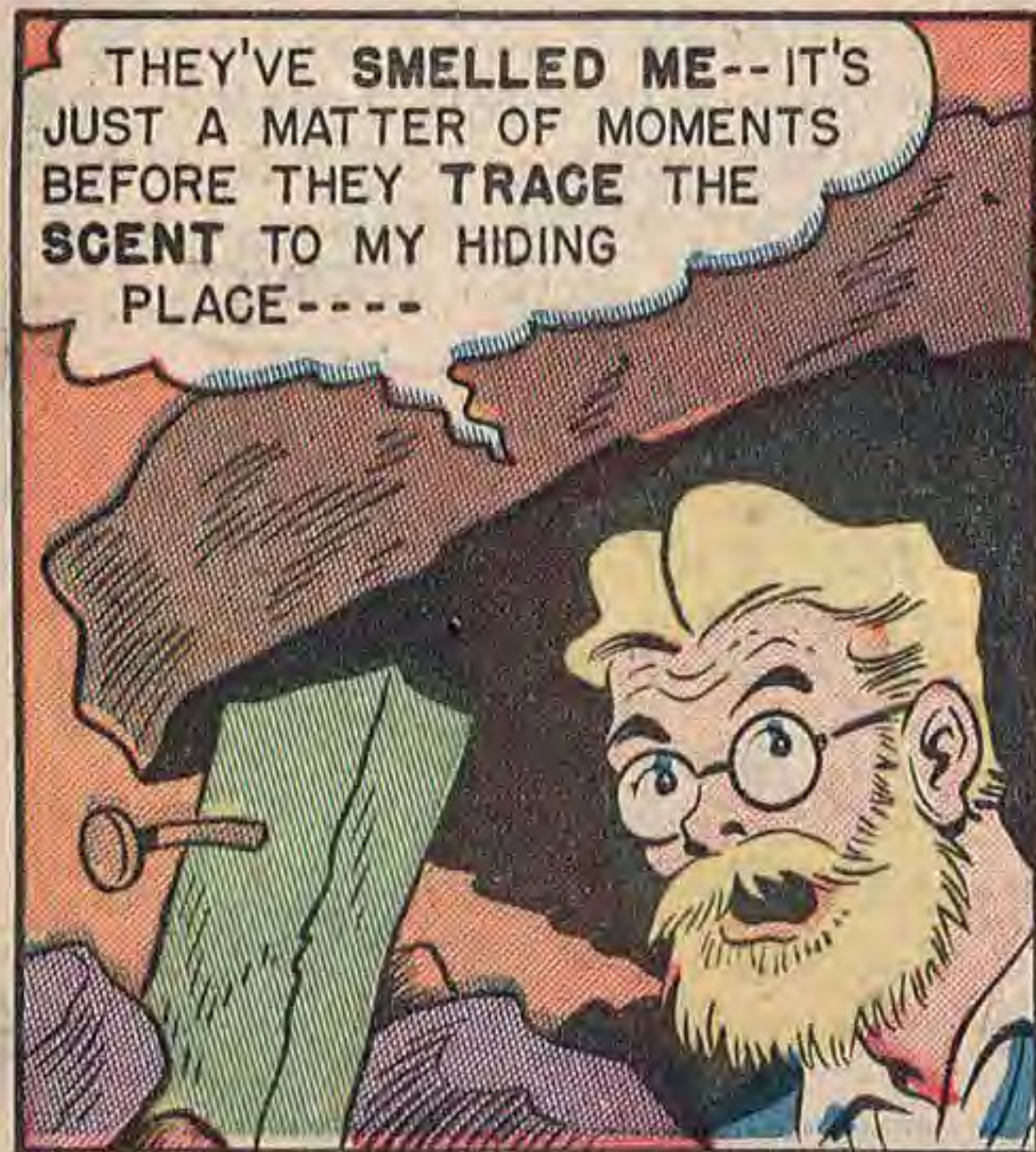


SPARKY watts

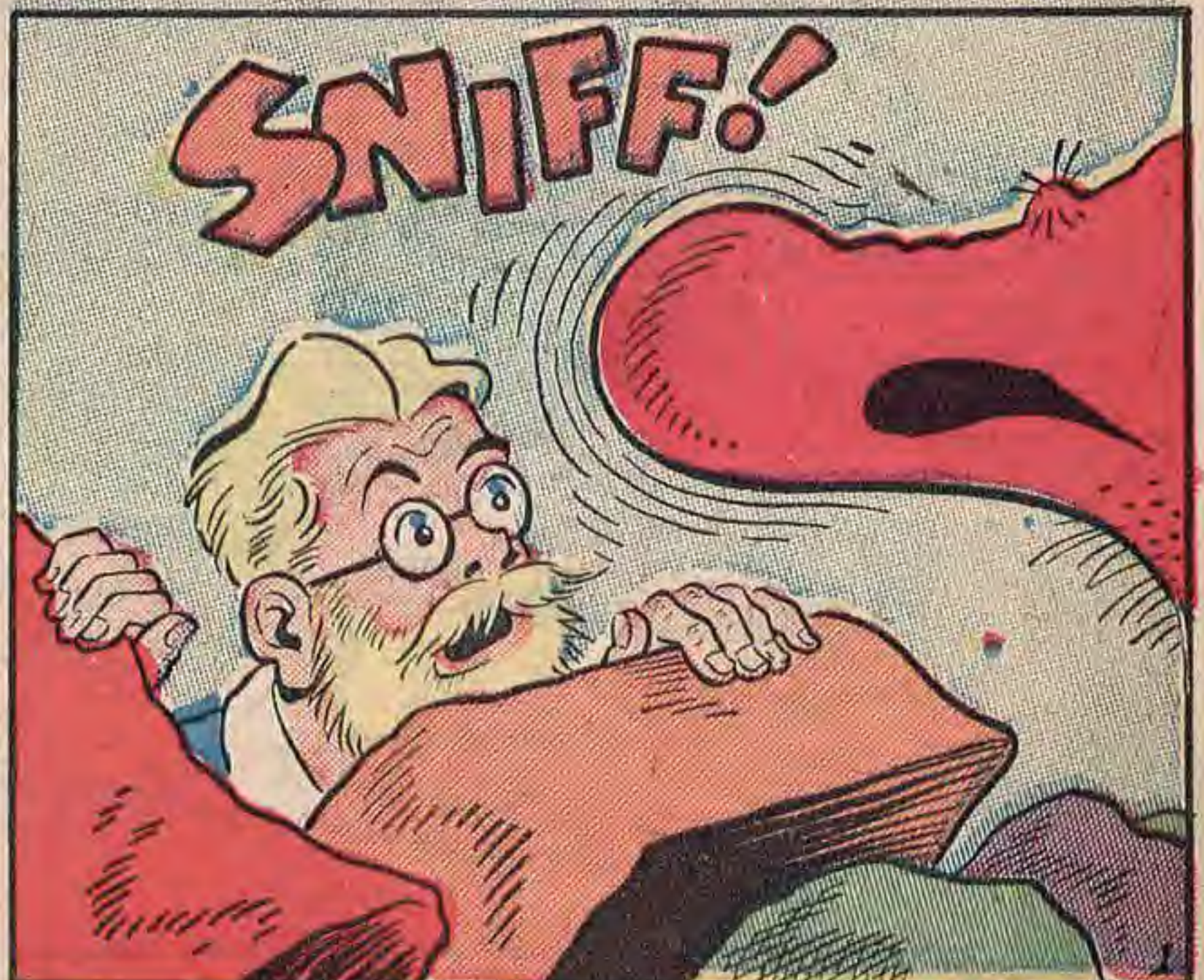
by
Boody
Roberts



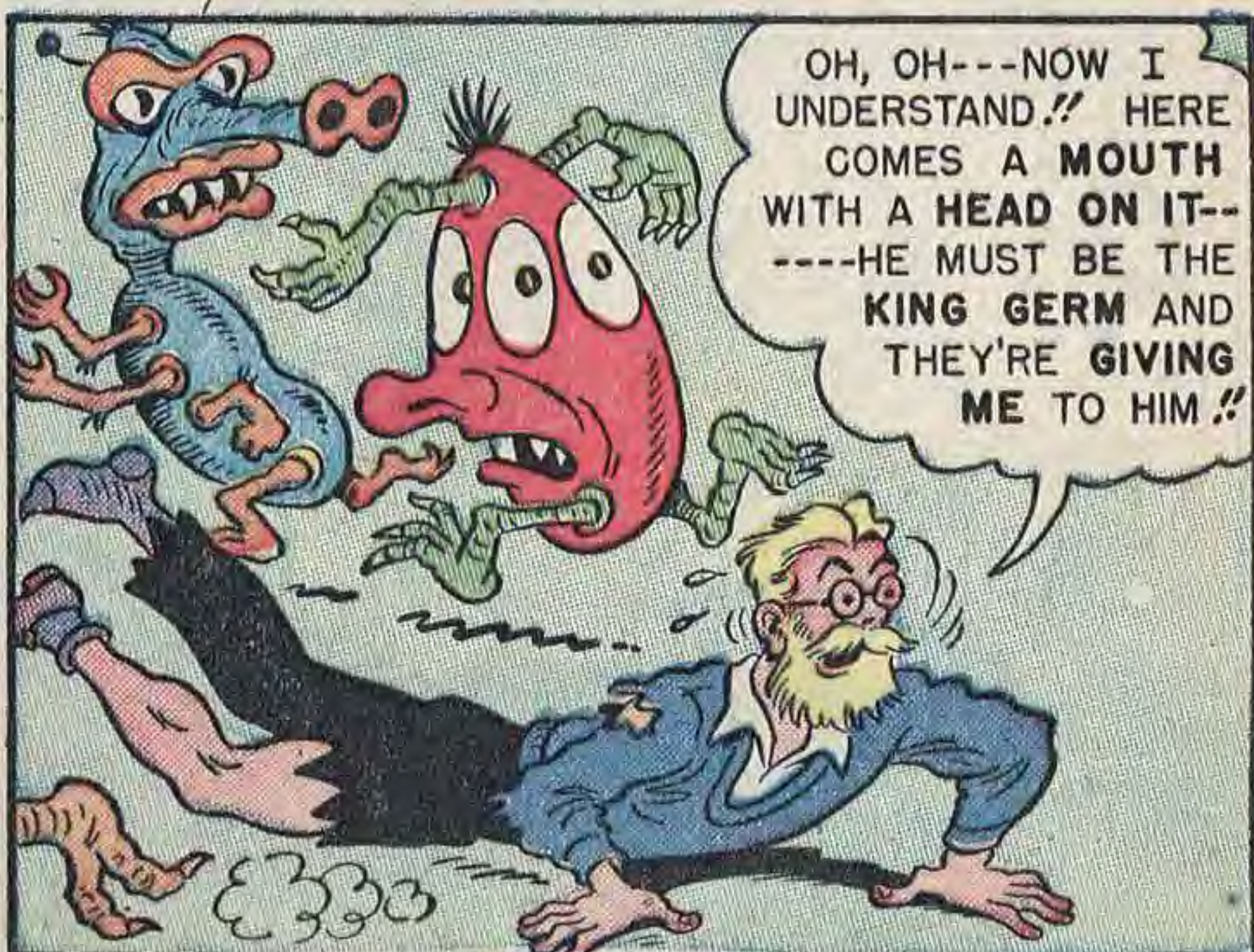
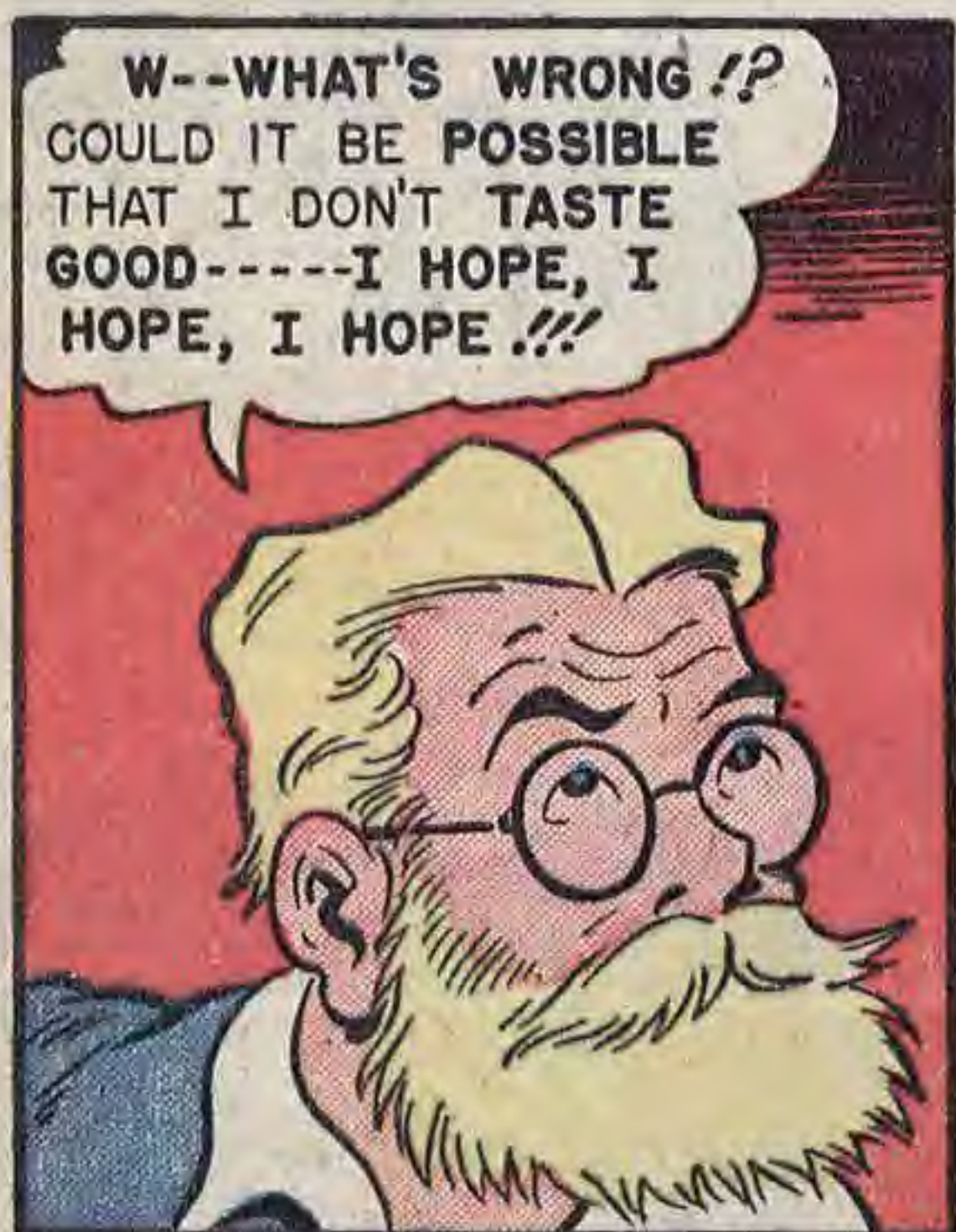
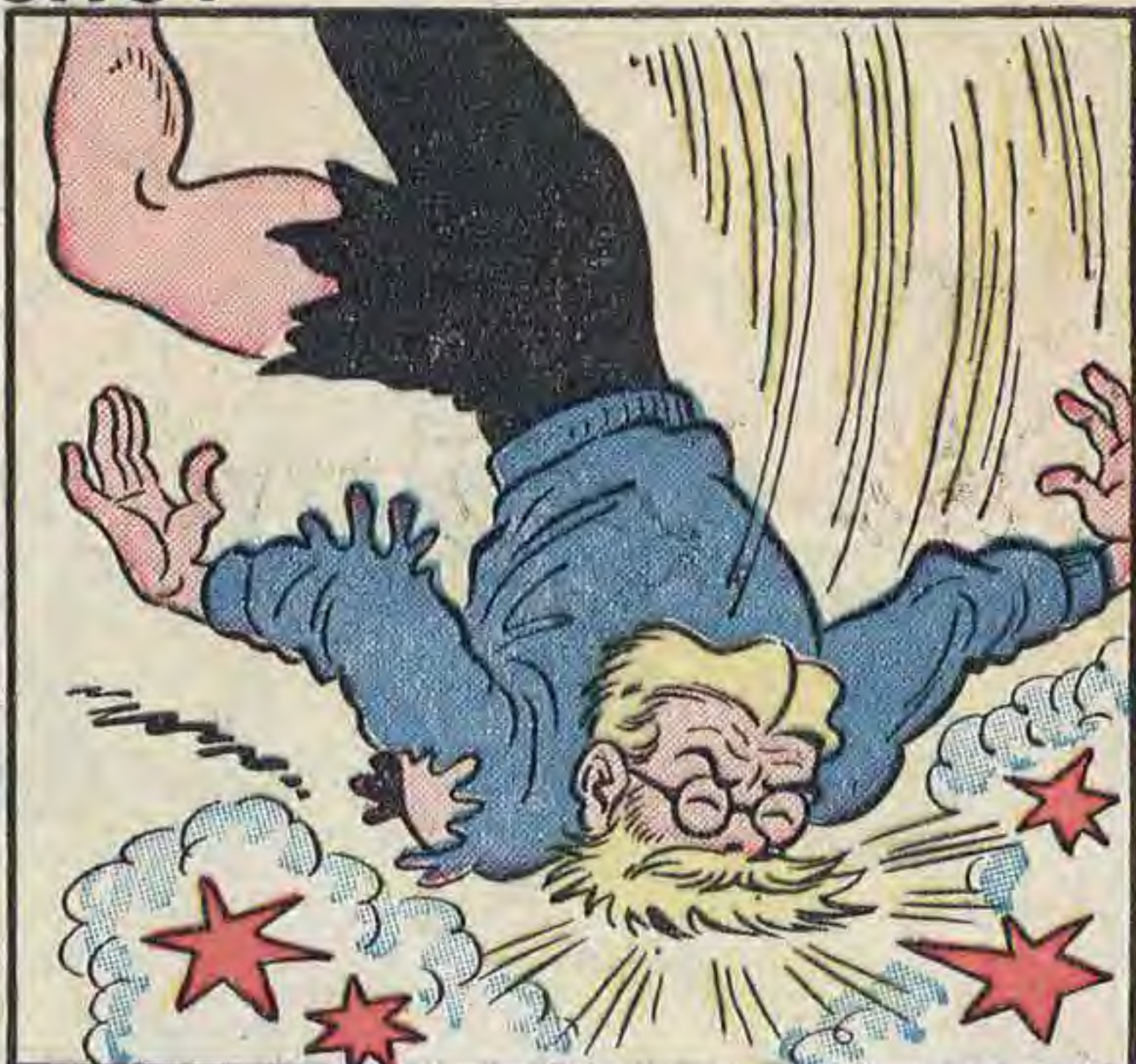
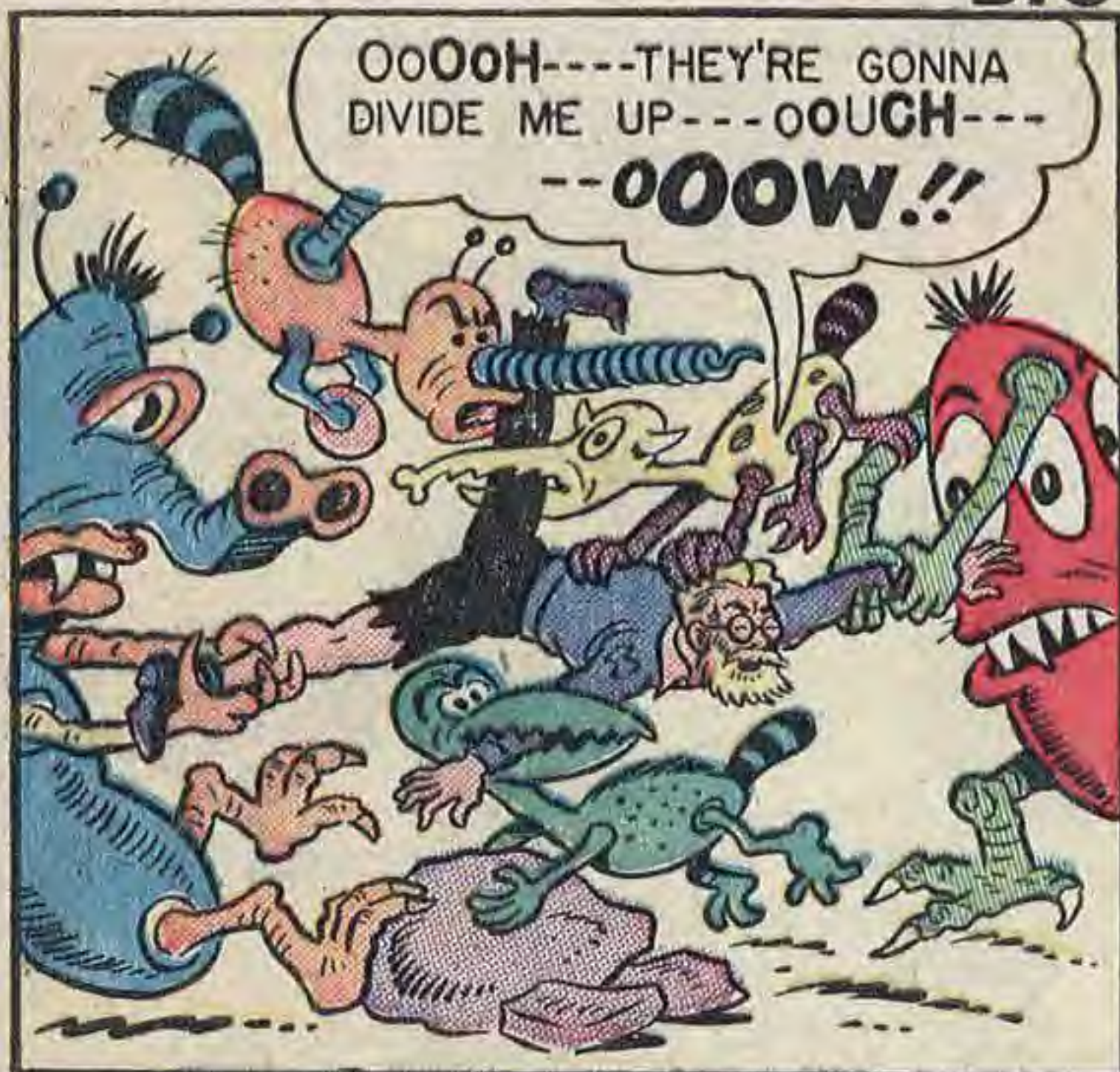
THEY'VE SMELLED ME--IT'S
JUST A MATTER OF MOMENTS
BEFORE THEY TRACE THE
SCENT TO MY HIDING
PLACE----



SNIFF!



BIG SHOT



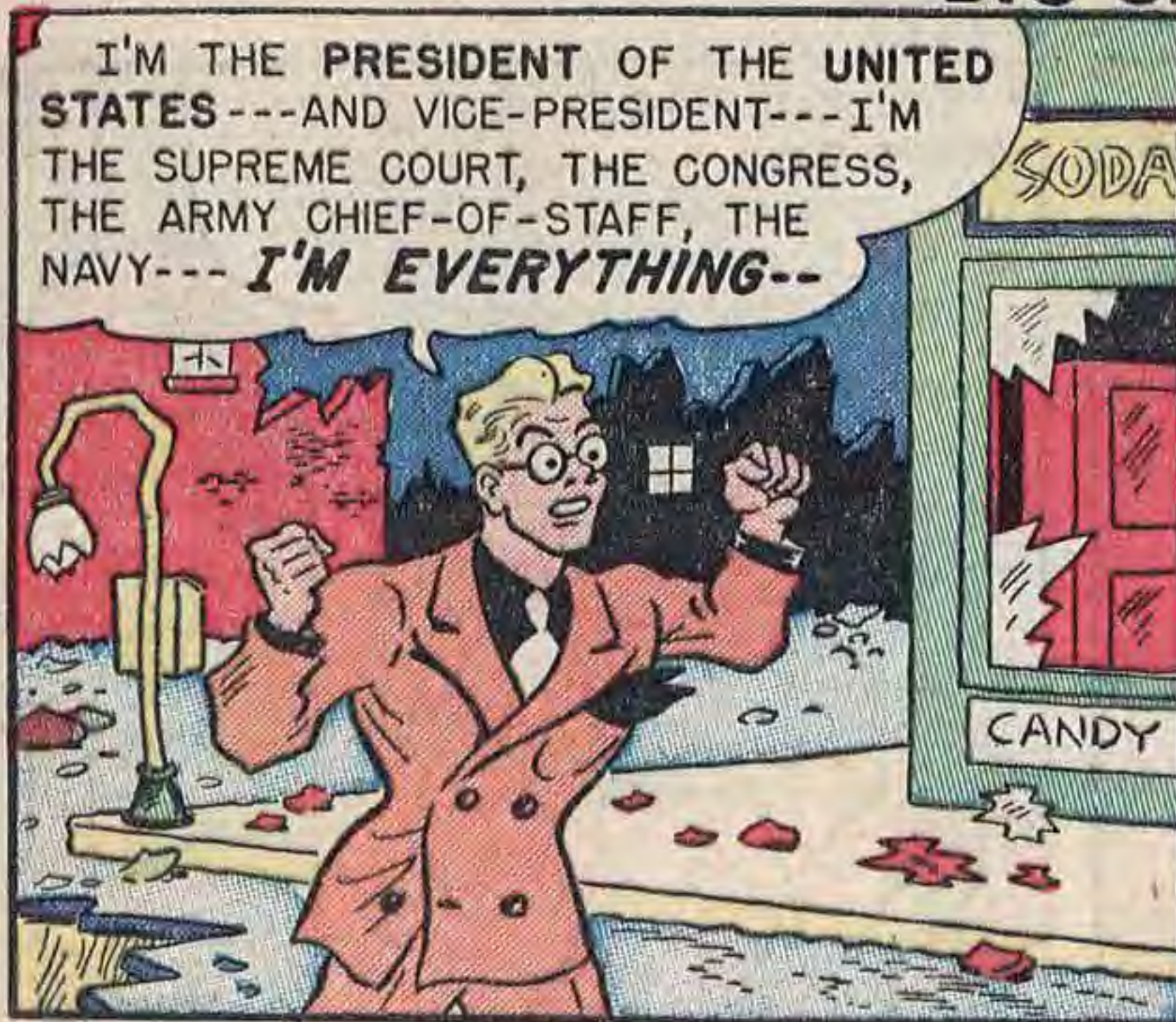
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BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

BUT WHY DREAM OF THE IMPOSSIBLE! NO OTHER HUMAN COULD BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO LIVE THROUGH THE MONTHS OF BOMBING AND MAN-EATING GERMS THAT SOME MANIAC TURNED LOOSE ON THE WORLD!!

ELECT TOMMY HIGLEY, THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

GULP--- I HEAR ONE OF THE GERMS NOW-----AND I REFUSE TO RUN ANY MORE---I MIGHT AS WELL DIE FIGHTING AS FROM LONESOMENESS!

TROMP! TROMP!

WELL, THIS IS ONE GERM THAT WON'T HAVE THE HONOR OF DINING ON THE LAST MAN ON EARTH !!

I'LL USE THIS PIECE OF BROKEN PAVEMENT---UMPH! GRUNT! IT'S HEAVIER THAN A TUB OF LEAD!!

IT'S TOO DARK IN THERE TO SEE---BUT THE VARMINT IS STUMBLING THIS WAY---I HOPE IT'S CRIPPLED SO I CAN KILL IT EASIER!

THE INSTANT I SEE ANY PART OF IT I'LL SMASH DOWN WITH THIS CEMENT--ALL I HOPE IS THAT I CRUSH ITS UGLY SKULL!!

DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVoy
and STRIEBEL

THANKS TO PA
AND THE DUGANS
MONEY A BUNCH
OF OLD TIME
VAUDEVILLE ACTORS
GET A CHANCE
TO MAKE A
COMEBACK IN
A PLAY CALLED
"THE HAS-BEENS
OF 1949"

WELL-HOW DOES IT FEEL
TO BE "ANGEL" OF A HIT,
PA?

OH I DUNNO,
DIXIE - I WAS
SO WORRIED FER
A WHILE I'M JES
GRATEFUL I
GUESS-



THE REVIEWS ARE
TERRIFIC! - ONE
WRITER SAYS - "THE
HAS-BEENS OF
1949 CAN VERY
EASILY GO INTO
1950-51 AND SO
ON - AS THERE'LL
ALWAYS BE A
HAS-BEEN"



WHO'LL TELL
HIM?

YOU'D BETTER
DO THE
TALKING



HELLO,
TIM

GOOD MORNING,
FELLAS! - ??? -
WHAT'S TH' MATTER
WITH YOU ??



WE'VE GOT SOME
BAD NEWS, TIM

AW - COME
ON IN AN'
QUIT KIDDIN' -



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, TIM, THESE OLD "HAS-BEENS" LIVED ALL THEIR LIVES ON EGO MORE THAN HAM AND EGGS—NO HAS-BEEN WILL THROW AWAY A CHANCE AT BIG TIME AGAIN



I SEE—(SIGH) WELL, FELLAS—LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO START CASTING ALL OVER AGAIN

I—I'M AFRAID WE WON'T BE WITH YOU, DUGAN—

SURE WON'T



YOU—YOU SEE WE GOT AN OFFER, TOO—WE'RE GONNA DO OUR OLD ROUTINE AGAIN IN A BIG REVUE

SURE ARE NATURALLY

TWO WEEKS LATER



WAAL—(SIGH) TH' SHOW'S CLOSED

THAT'S SHOW BUSINESS, PA—CHEER UP!

THAT'S ALL YOU CAN DO—



AW—BUT TH' PITY OF IT ALL IS WE HADDA HIT! TH' HOUSE WAS SOLD OUT EVERY CONSARN NIGHT!



OH, TELEPHONE, PA!



DUGAN—WE'VE JUST FINISHED CHECKING THE PROCEEDS—I MIGHT SAY YOUR SHARE IS MOST UNUSUAL!

YEAH? COME ON OVER!

SURE IS



WE BROUGHT THE ENTIRE BOX OFFICE RECEIPTS ALONG, AND OUR BOOKS, FOR YOU TO CHECK

SURE DID

HOW MUCH DID WE MAKE?

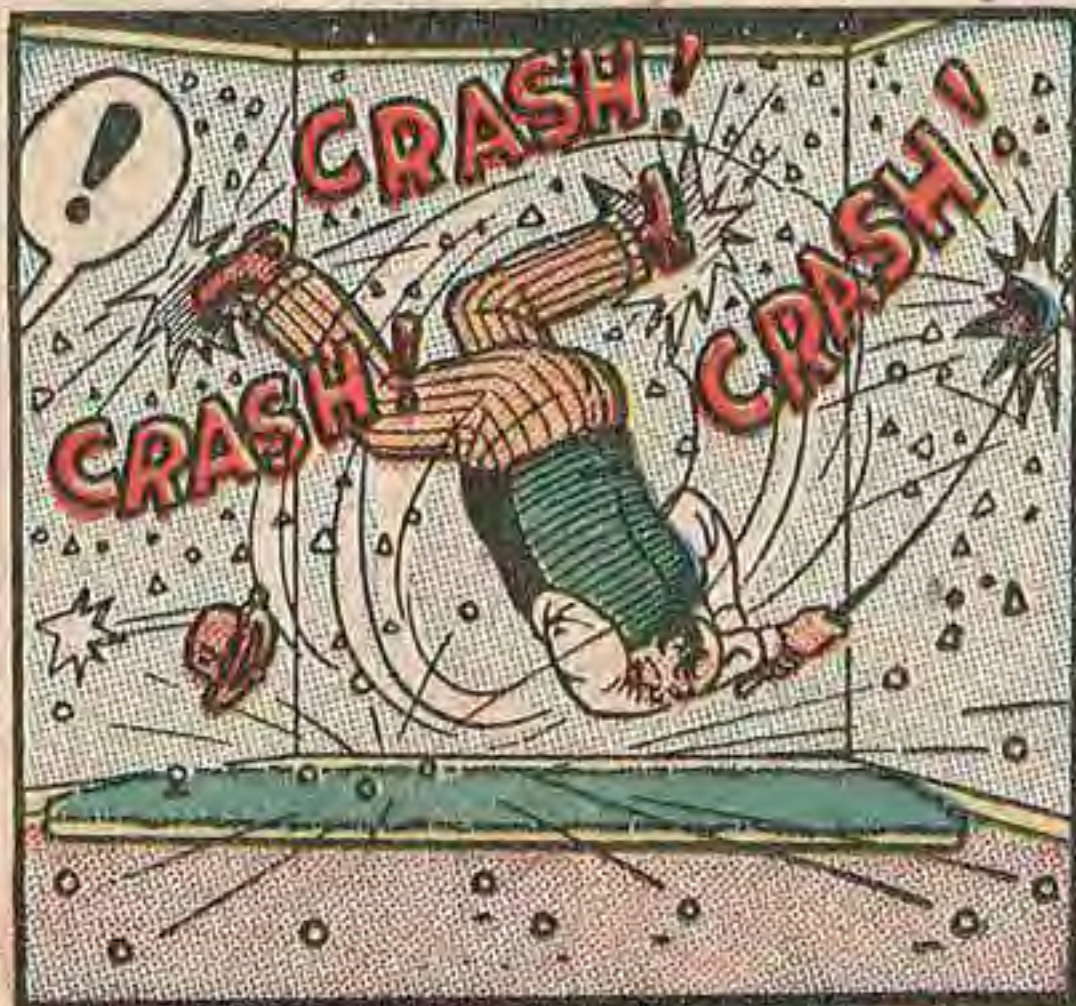


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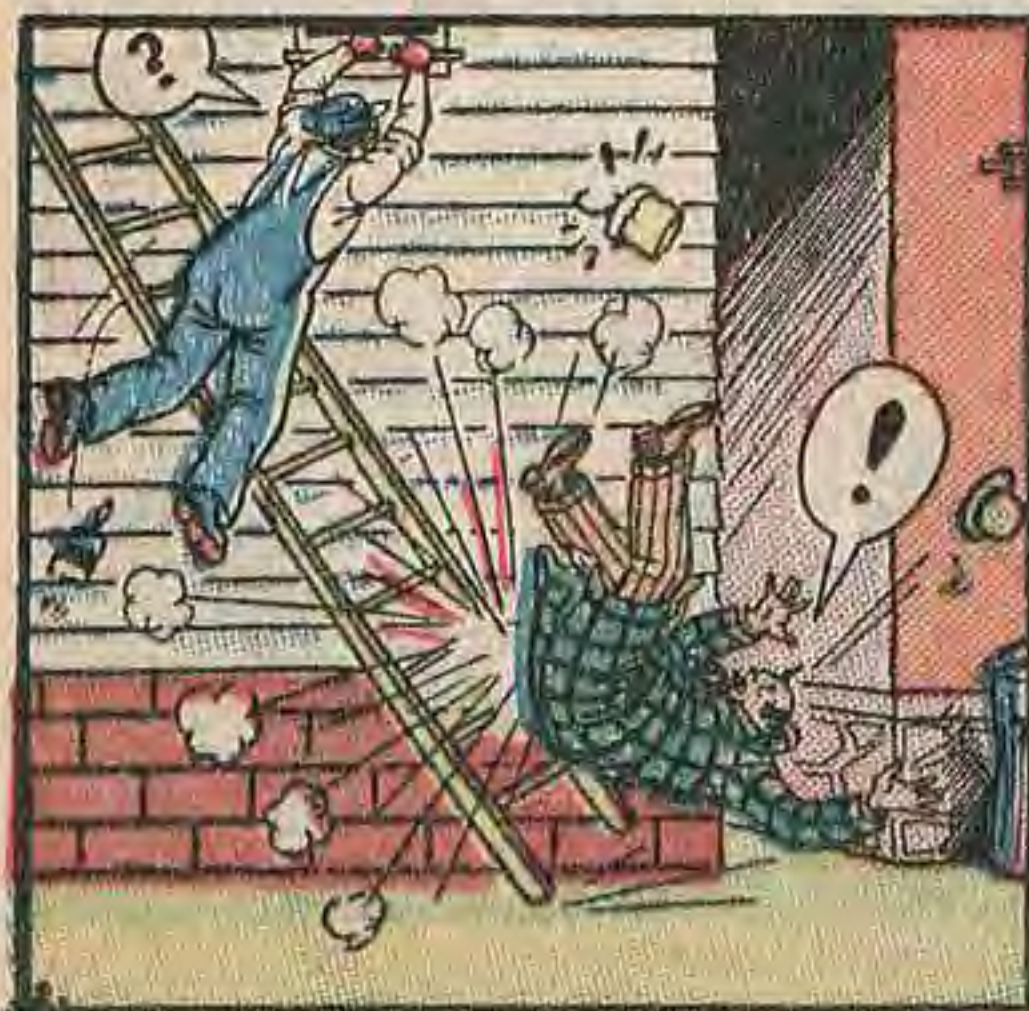
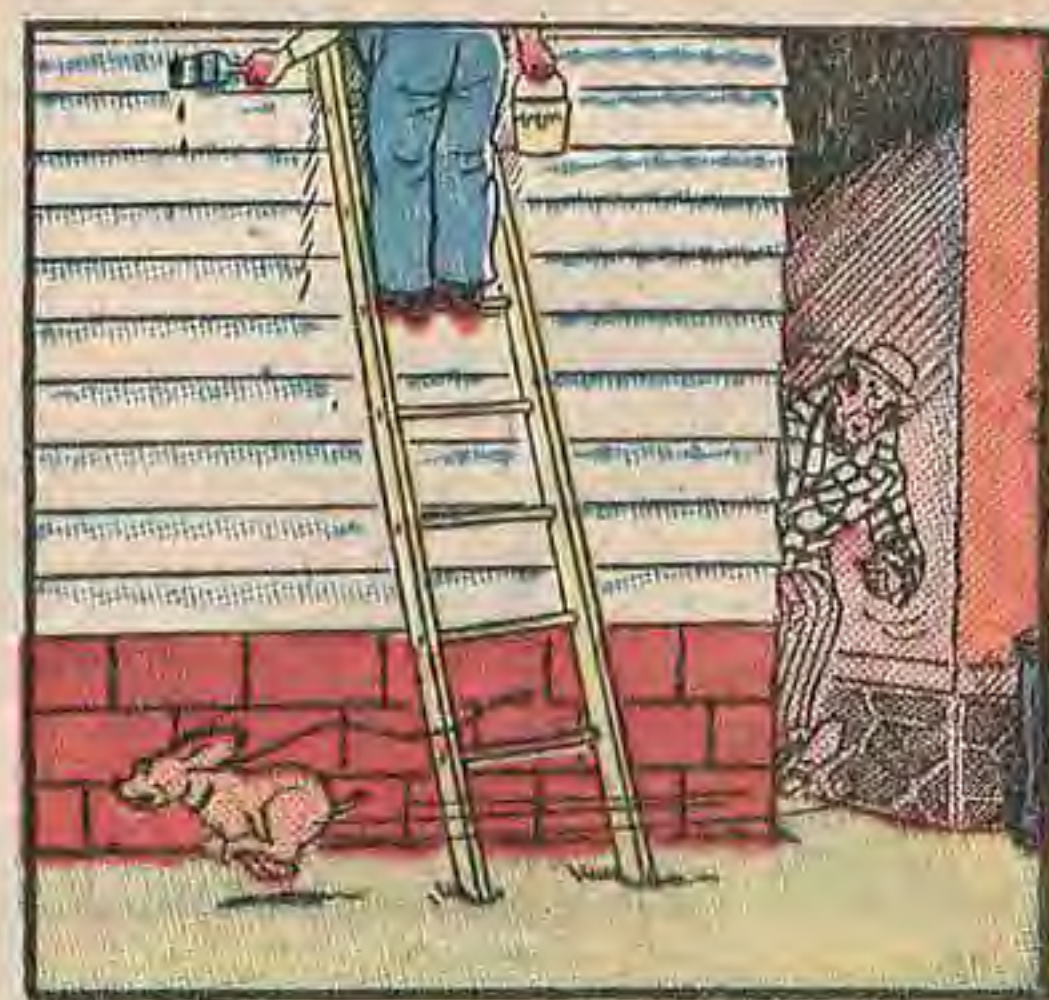
MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



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By Lank Leonard



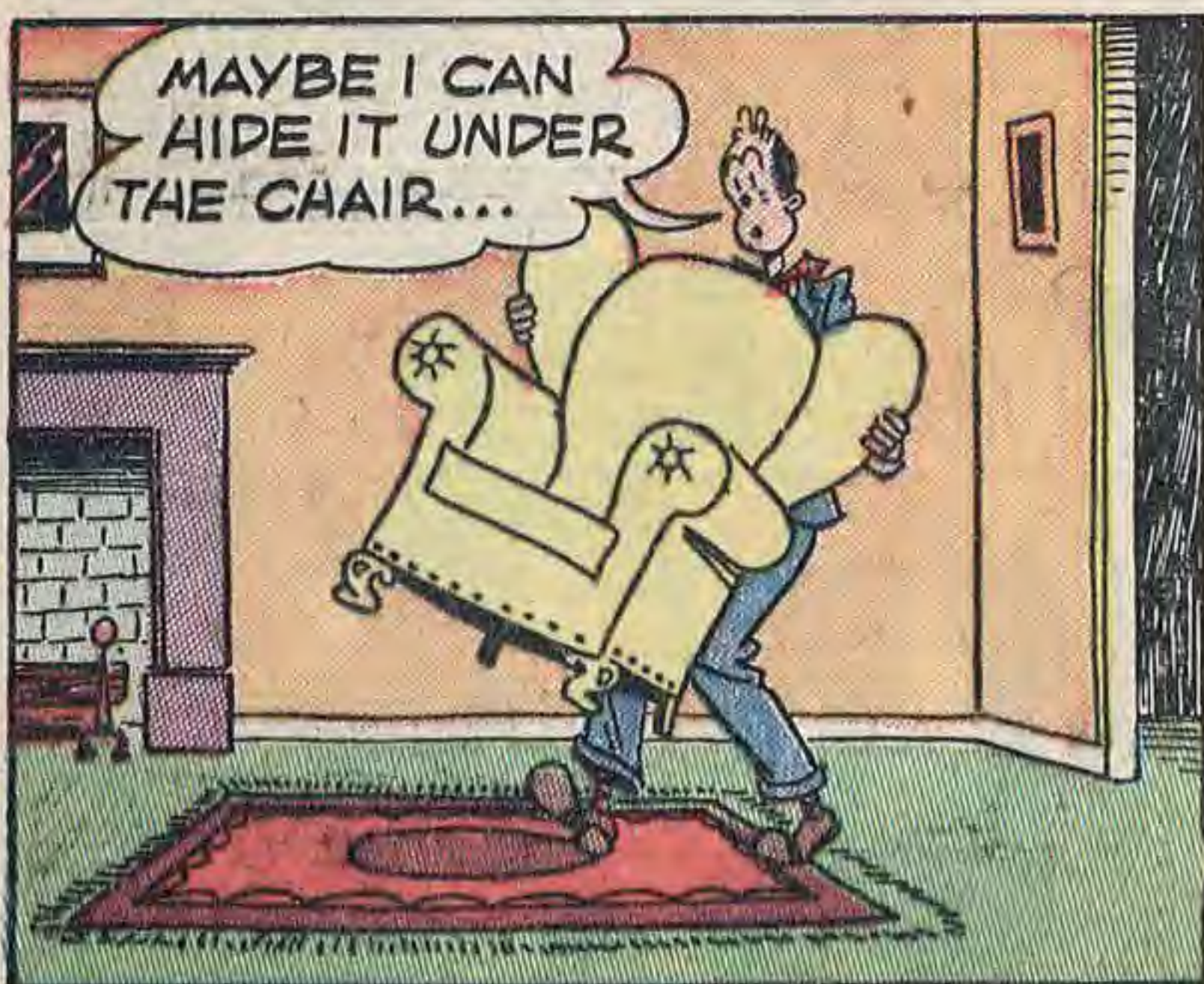
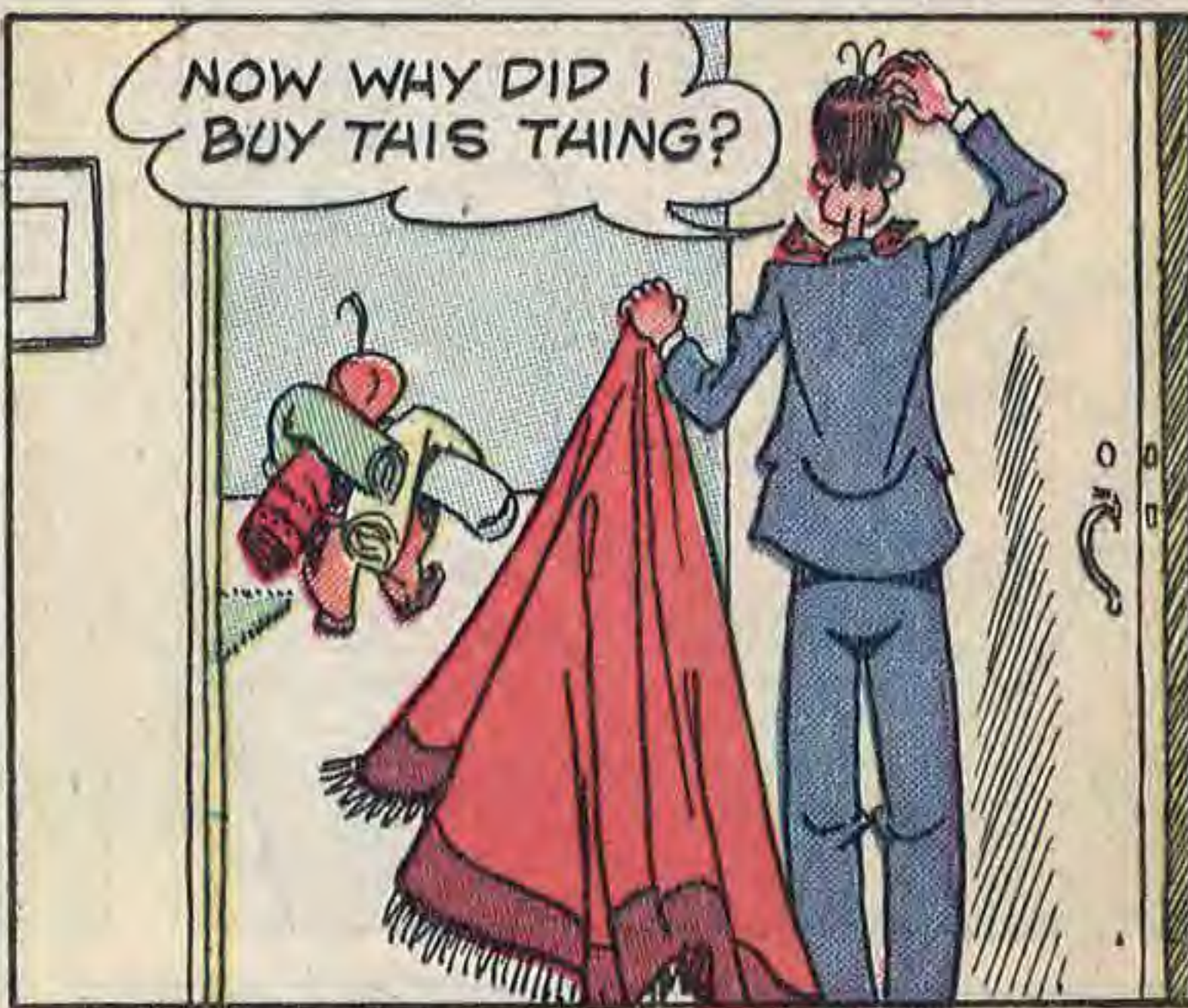
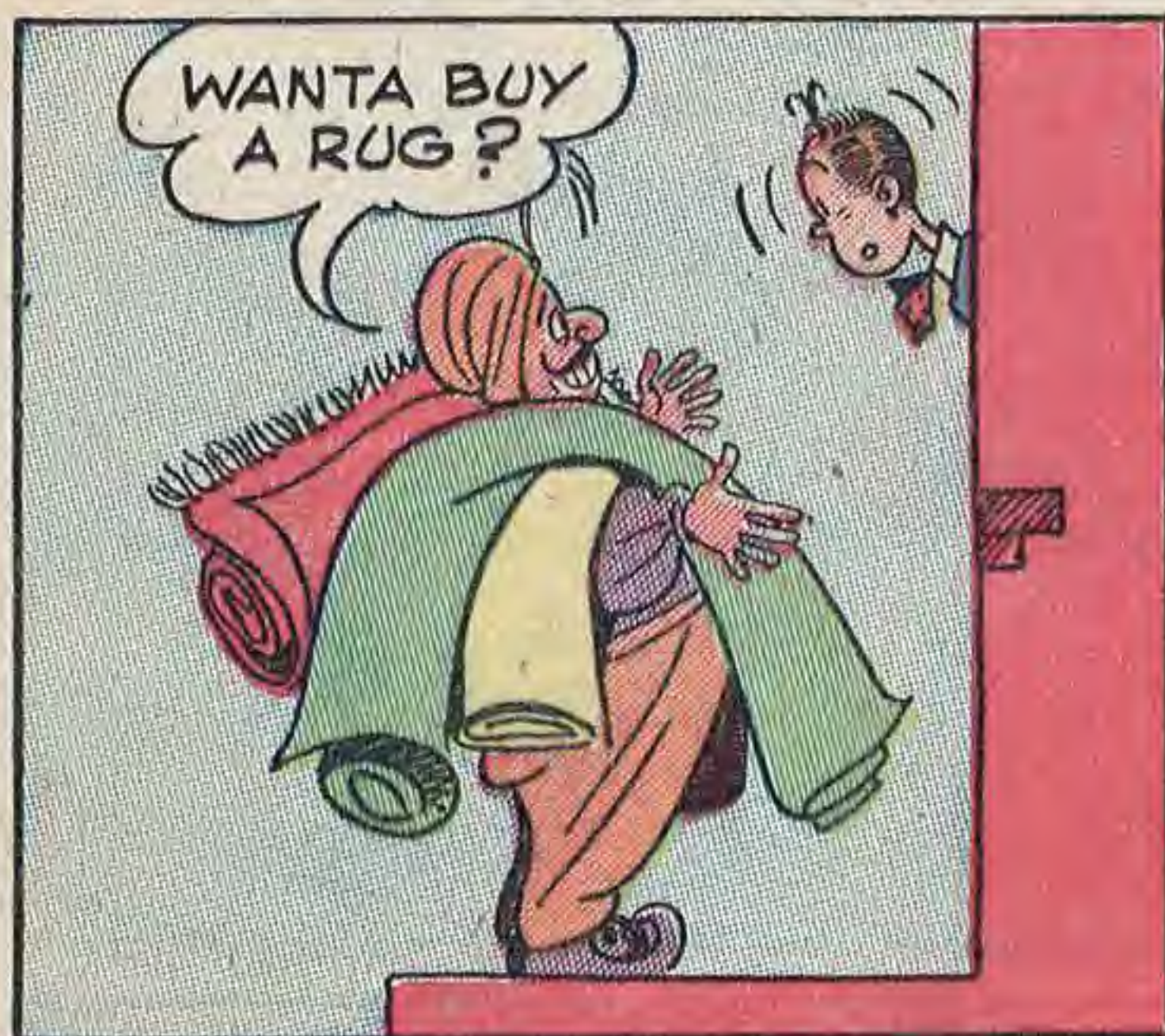
MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

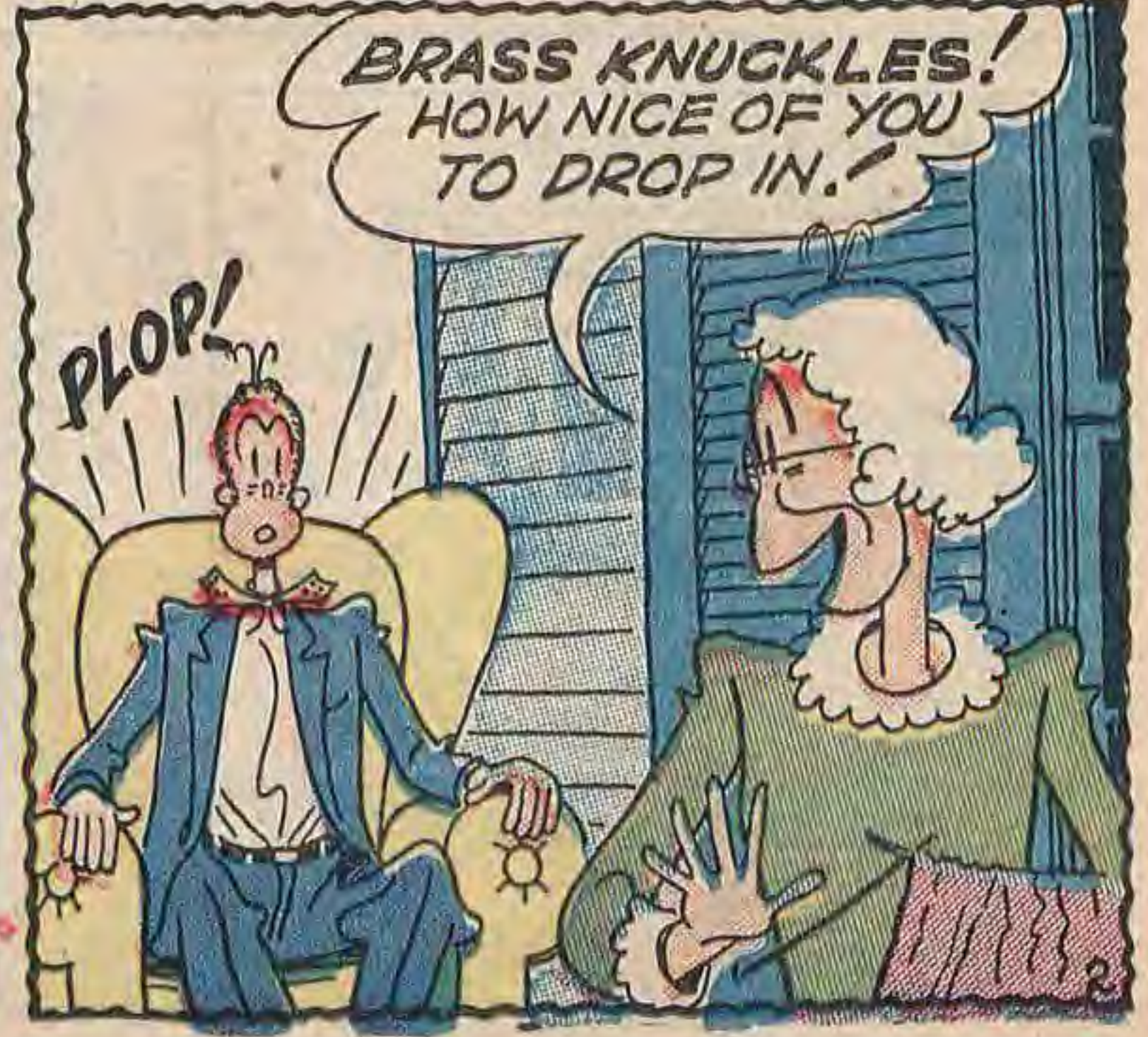
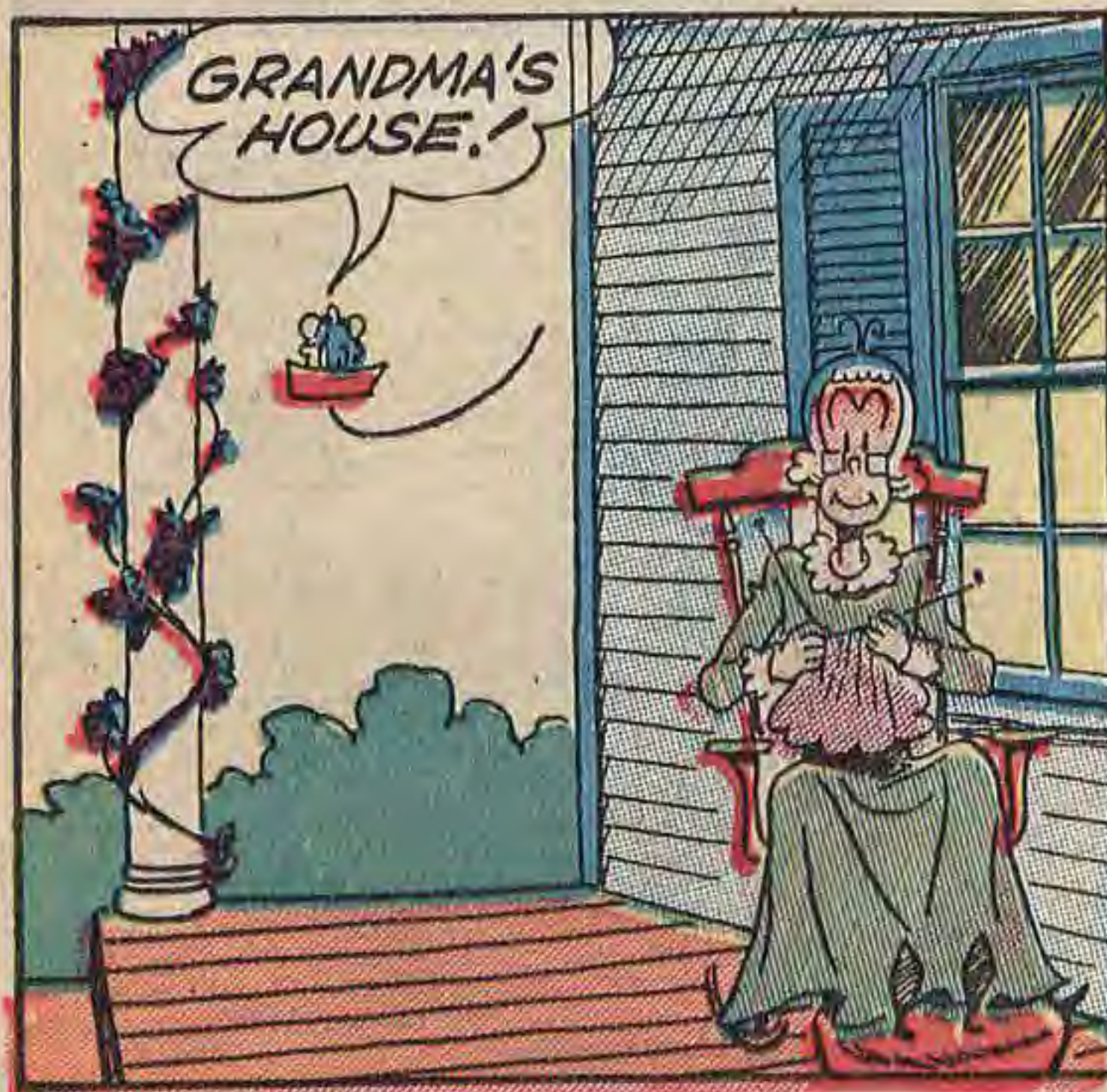
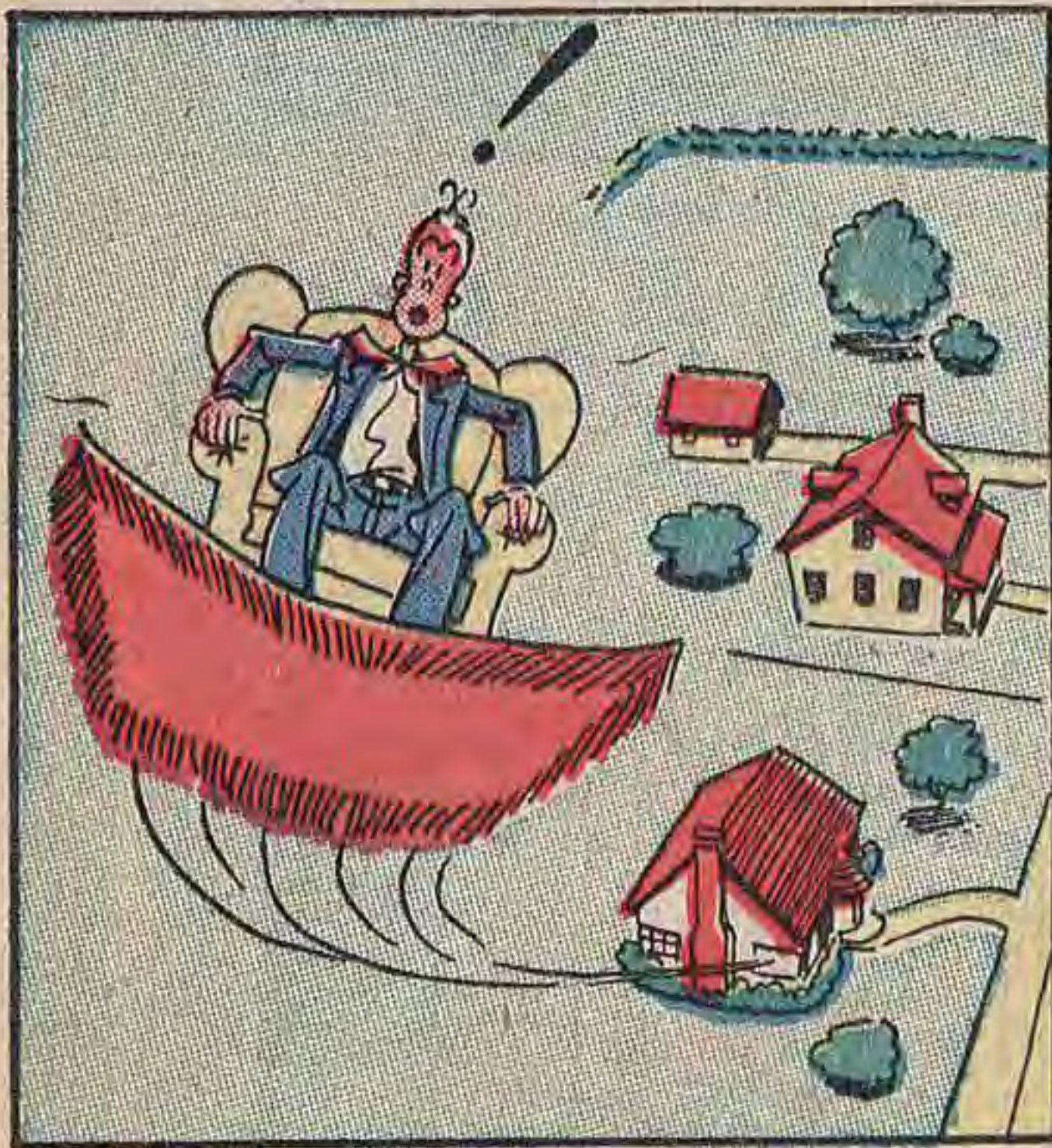
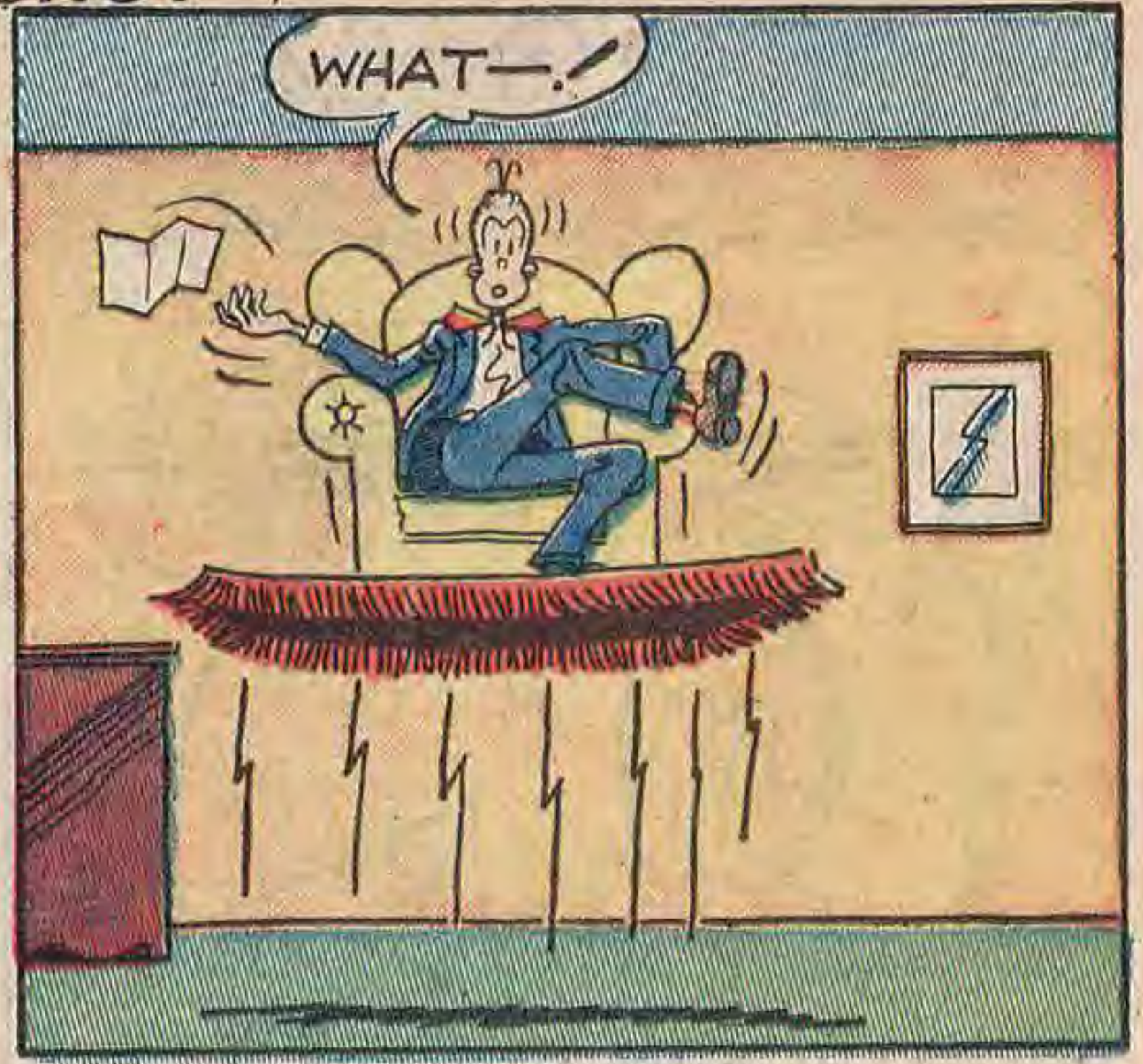
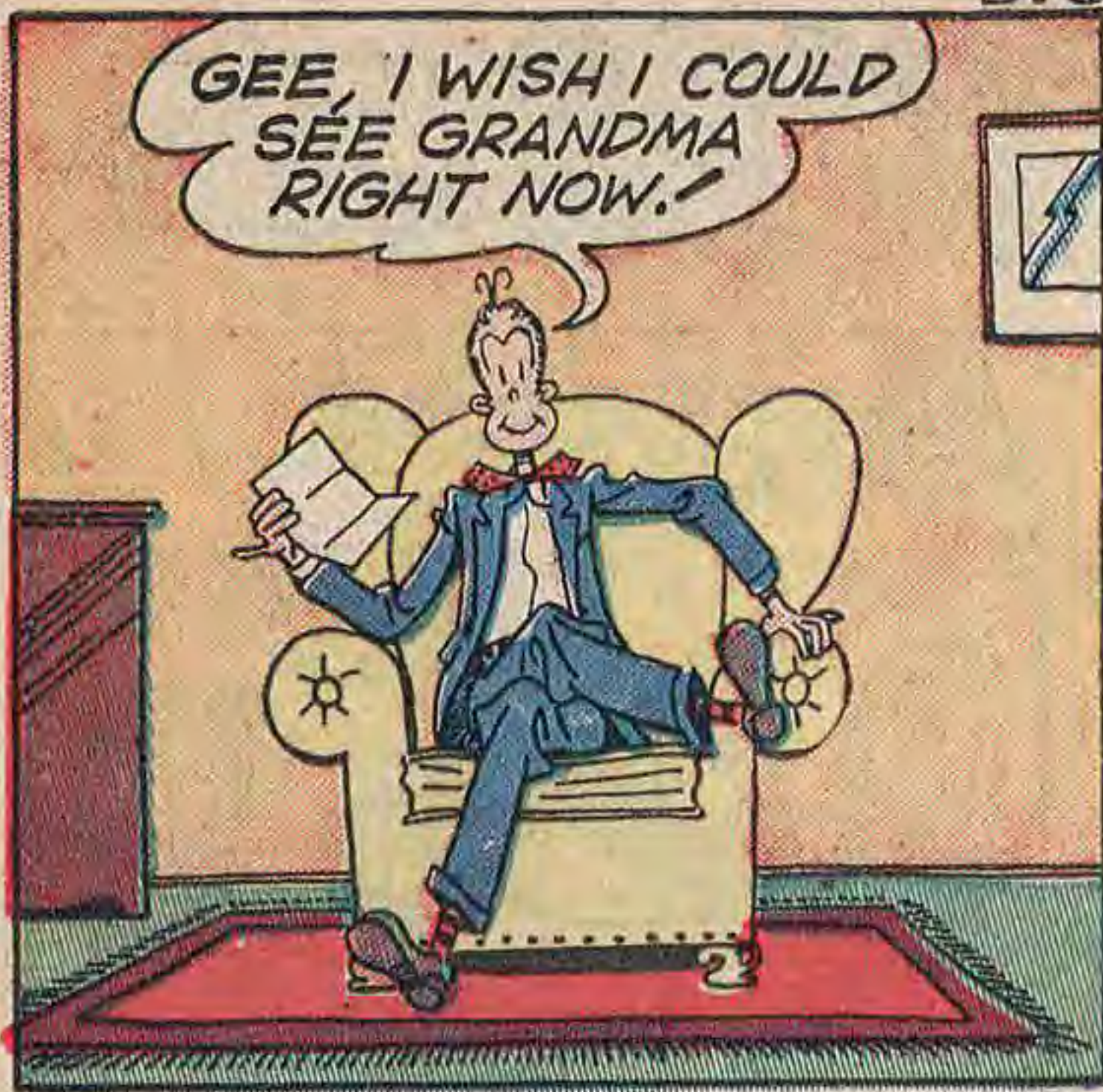


BRASS KNUCKLES

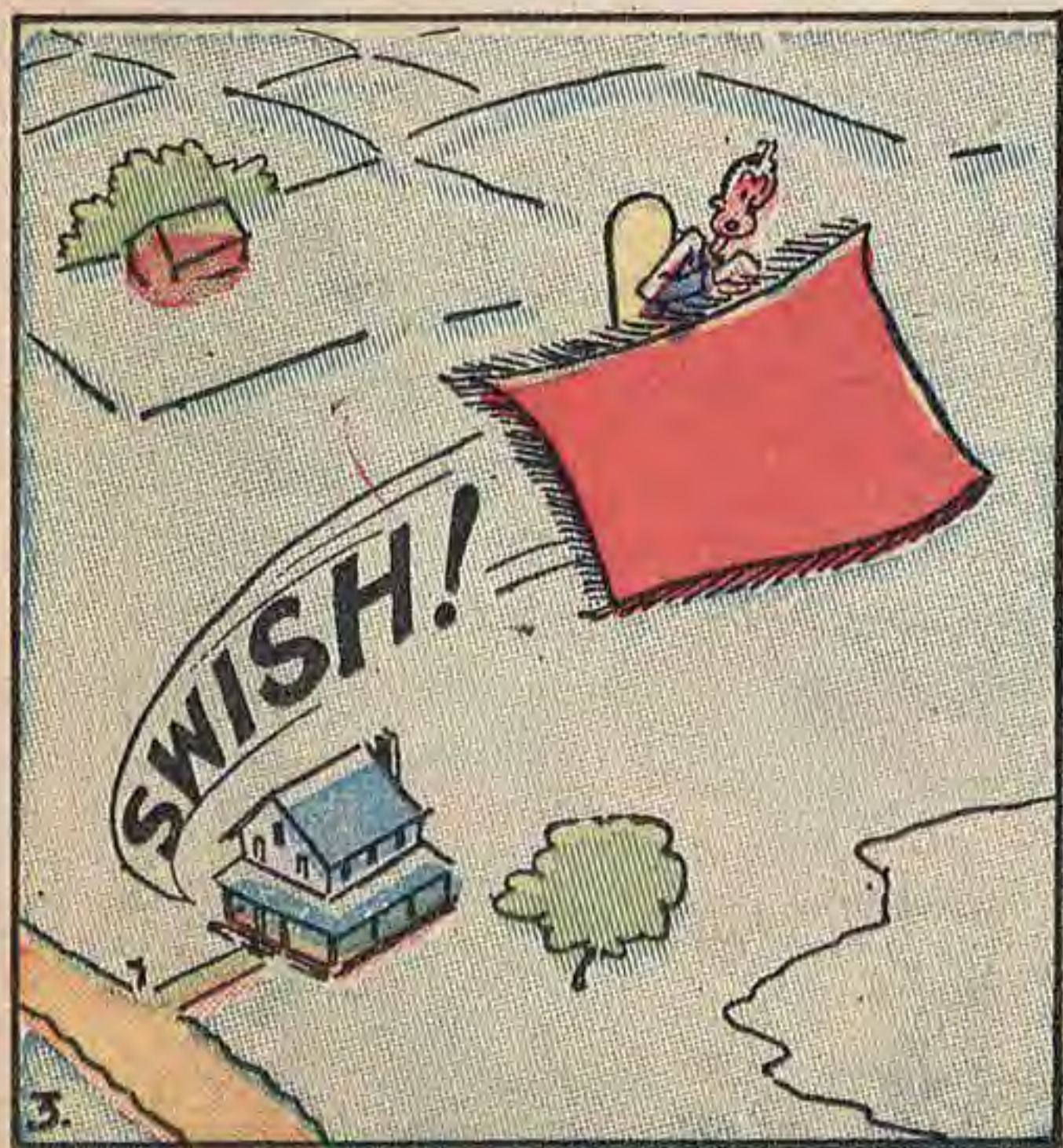
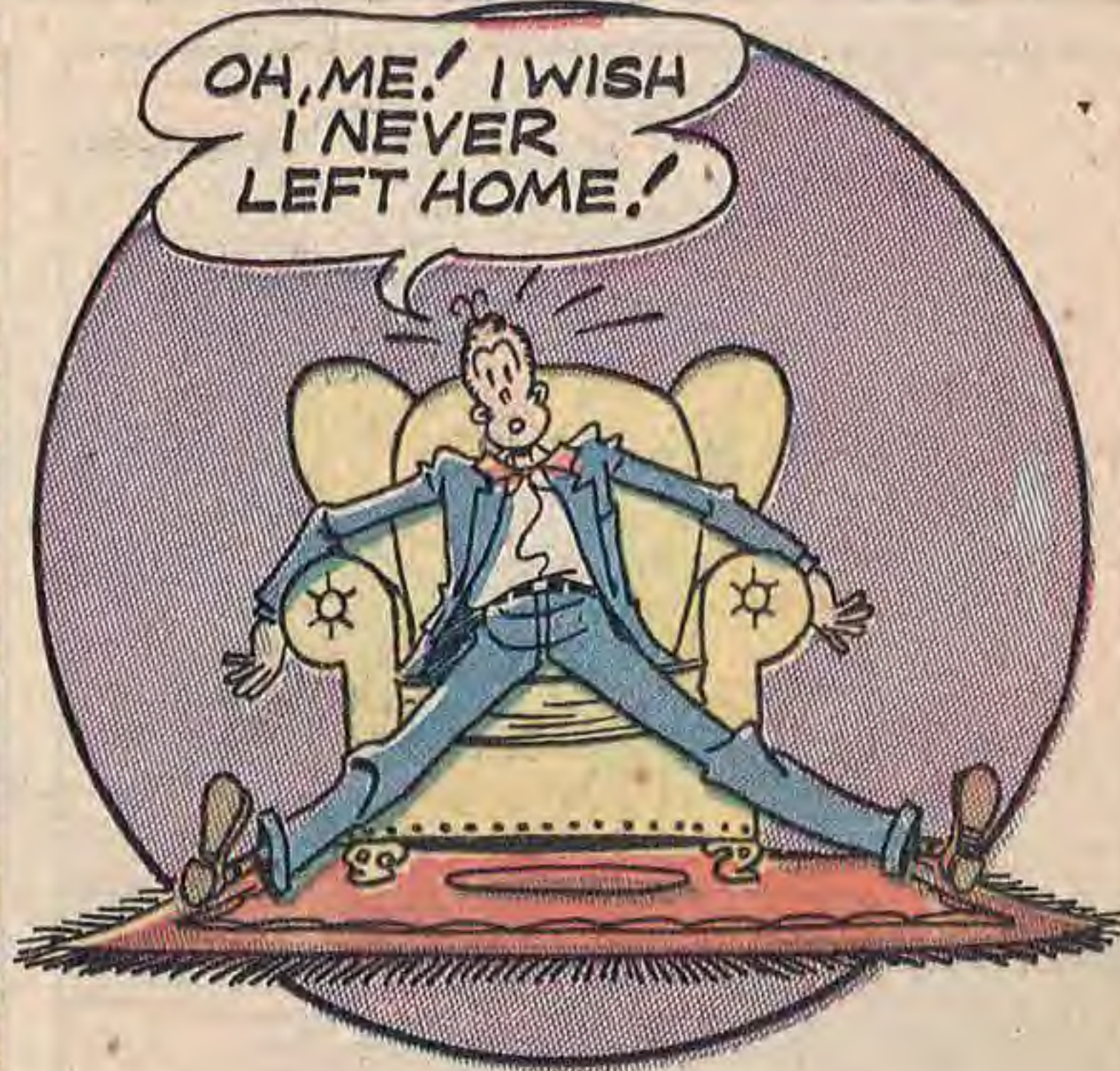
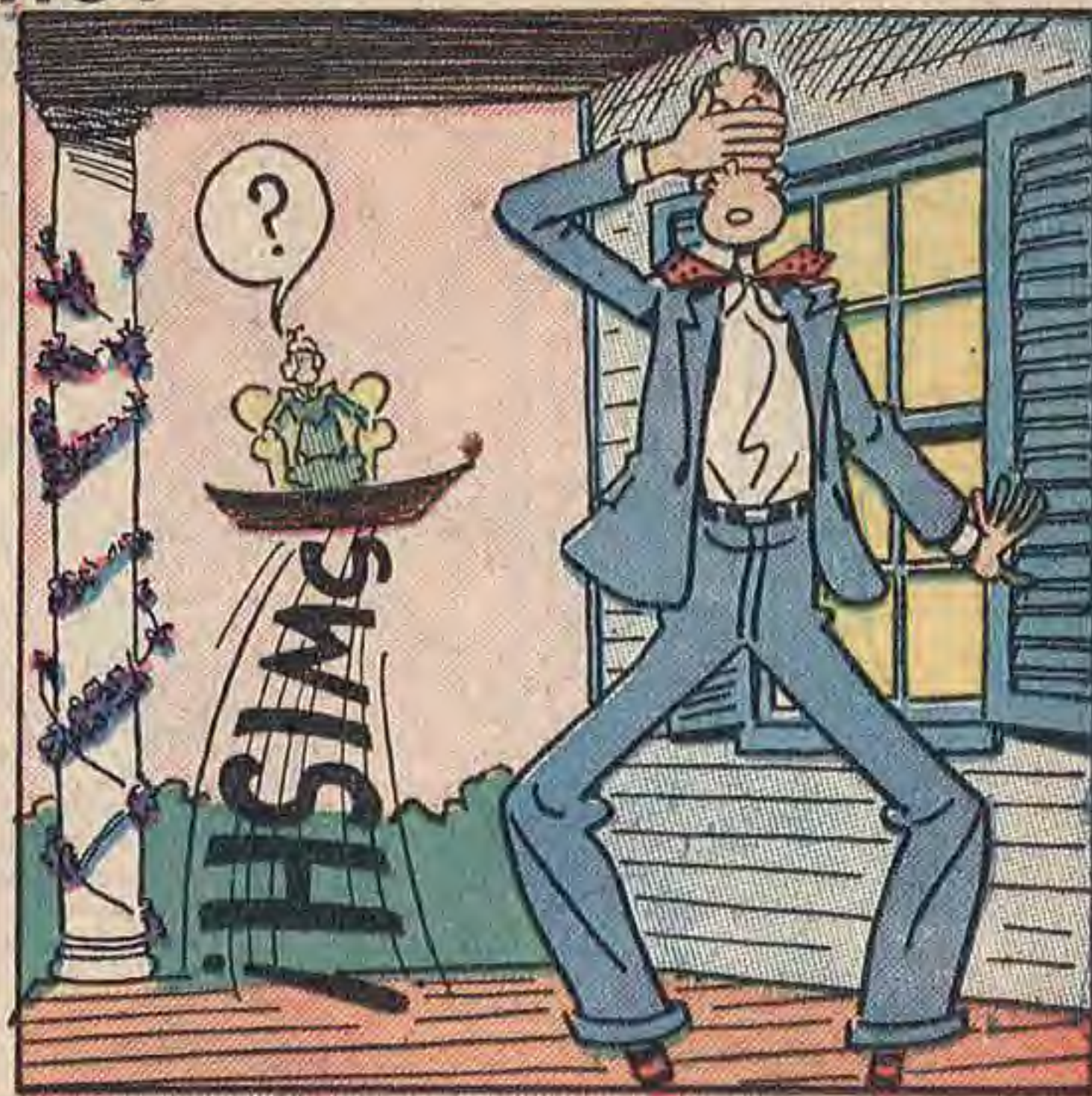
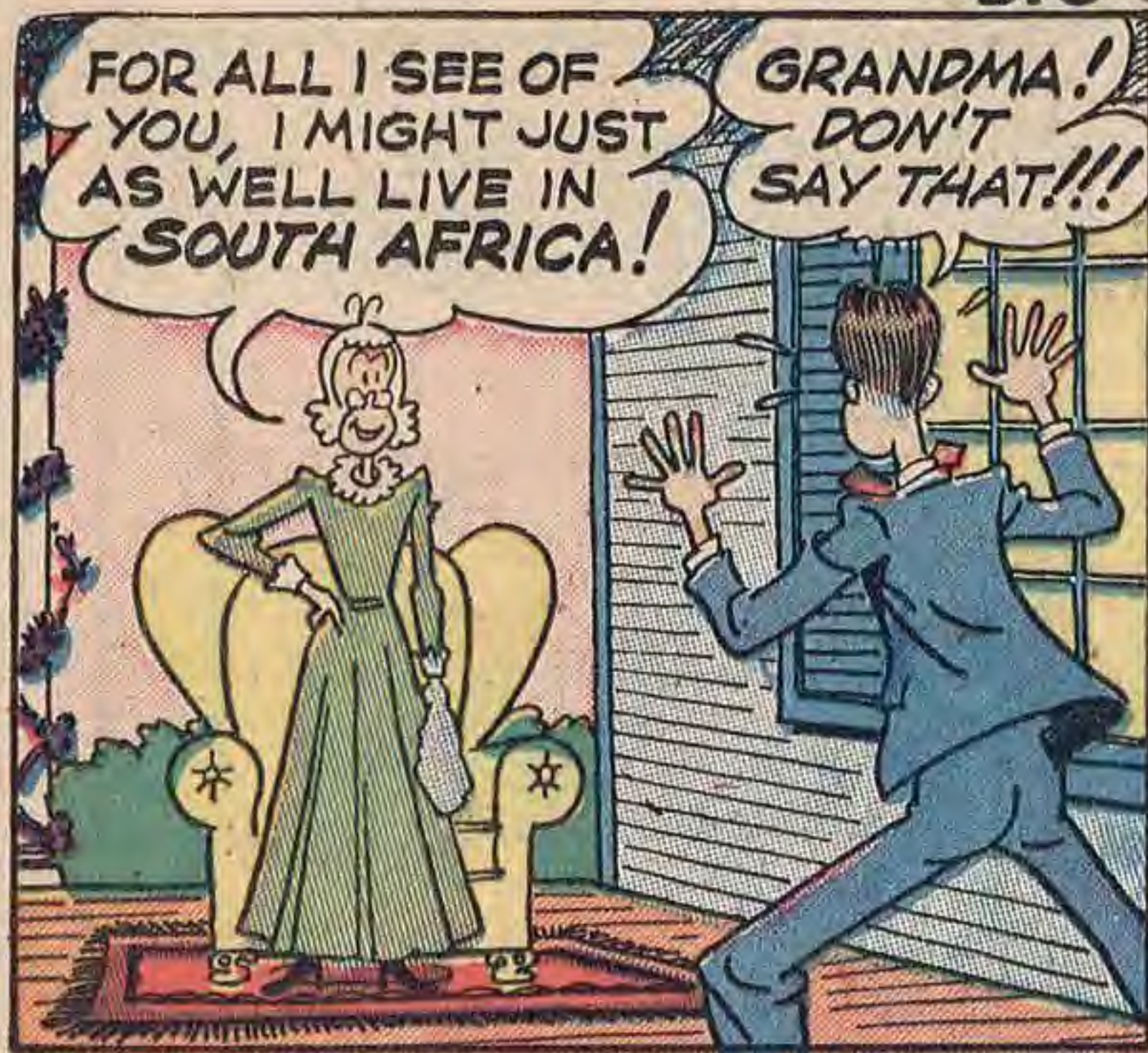
by MARTY MARION

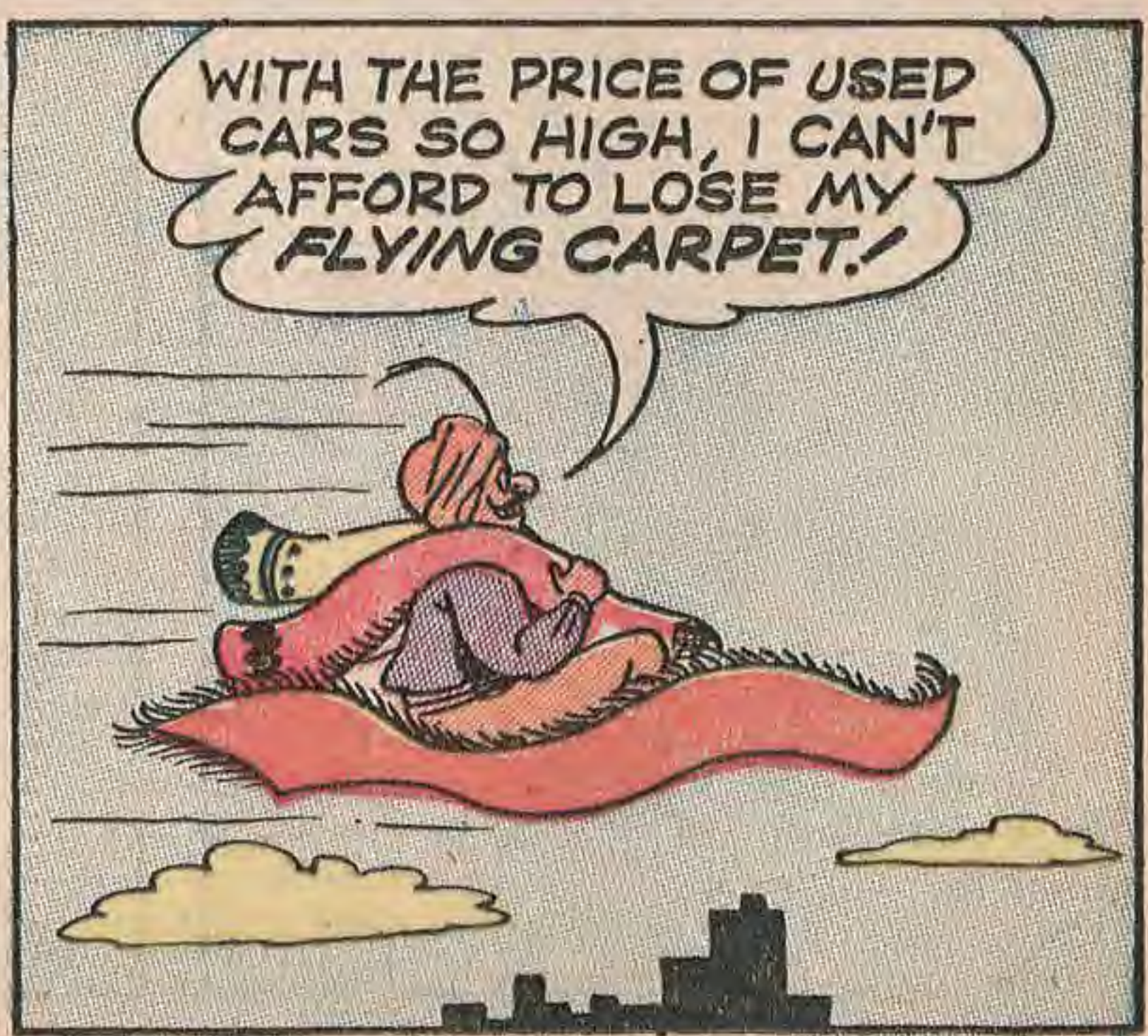
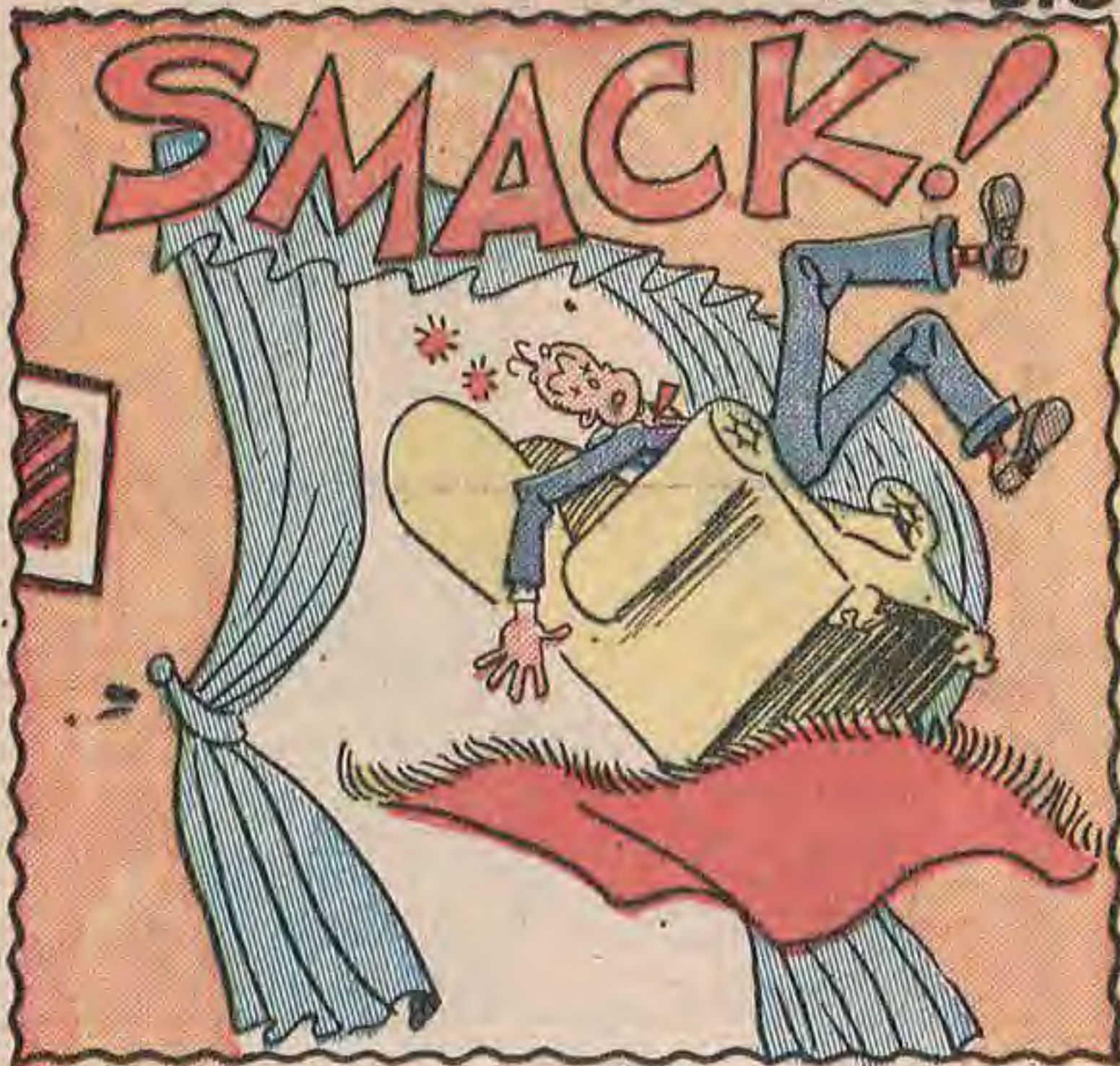


BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT





Diamonds and Stuff

By MART BAILEY

THE DARKENED HALL was still wincing from the pistol shot and the mysterious gong that had sounded when Randolph the butler leaned across the balustrade and belted one of the housebreakers over the noggin with the spiked mace. Randolph, feeling like a chivalrous knight who has the upper hand in a Sir Walter Scott novel, was about to rush downstairs to administer the coup-de-grace. And then Don Gilholy, the Broadway columnist and Randolph's second-in-command, recognized the yelp of one of the housebreakers.

"It's Jack Beerymore!" he shrieked, breaking ranks and dashing away to turn his bedroom into a fox-hole.

Randolph sighed. So the housebreakers weren't housebreakers, after all! He switched on the hall lights, and staggered back, his eyes bulging with astonishment at sight of the two strange creatures that squatted crazily at the foot of the staircase.

"Who — who is it?" he quavered. But even as he asked, a sense kindred to a mother's intuition told him that the Russian Grand Duke with the red whiskers and the carrot head was his employer, George Oswald Bumpy; and a cold shudder swept through him as he saw the winged helmet which lay in Bumpy's lap. The great dent in the crown of the helmet accounted for the mysterious gong that had filled the hall and was a tribute to Randolph's unerring marksmanship with the spiked mace.

"It's us," admitted Whiskers-in-the-zebra-striped-undershirt, whom the butler recognized without difficulty as Jack Beerymore, the actor.

Good Old Bumpy opened his glazed eyes, and fluttered the lids to make sure they were in good working order. He fingered his head, lightly, tentatively; winced, and lowered his hand.

"Hello, Randolph," he said. "Thanks for getting that iron hat off my head. Couldn't get it off myself. Stuck." He was disposed to say more on the subject, but Jack Beerymore interrupted.

"The necklace! Beatrice's diamond necklace!" The actor smote his forehead.

"What about the necklace?" murmured Good Old Bumpy. He was vacantly staring at the spike-studded mace and being grateful that he hadn't been able to remove the helmet before.

"We forgot the necklace," replied the actor.

"We left it back at the rooming house on West Ache Street in our hurry to get away from Butsy Ratsoff and his mob."

"Well?" said Good Old Bumpy, who disliked being bothered by small talk.

"Well," demanded Jack Beerymore, "what are you going to do?"

"Do?" echoed Good Old Bumpy. "I'm going to make a phone call."

DON GILHOLY, the Broadway columnist, had spent nearly three days in a barricaded room, quaking with the knowledge that his would-be assassin was lodged under the same roof. During this period he had conversed with no living soul; he had almost forgotten what food was, and he doubted whether he'd recognize a cigaret if he saw one. He had even neglected his column, preferring the wrath of his syndicate to the fusillade of bullets he was certain would greet him if he ever opened the bedroom door.

So at the end of the third day he was in the mood of the worm who turned. His spirit rebelled against this enforced exile. He was not a natural coward, he would have told you, being merely cautious where bullets were concerned; and now starvation and solitary confinement had utterly demolished this caution. He was indeed Mr. Worm in revolt.

Arming himself with the leg of a chair, he dragged the furniture away from the door and stole into the hall.

Downstairs he crept without a sound, and there he halted indecisively.

In the parlor were two strangers. One, a one-legged seaman in a short jacket and walrus moustache, was stumping up and down, talking incoherently of diamond necklaces; while the other, apparently a man of mystery, since he wore the traditional crimson-lined cape and silk topper, was permitting Randolph the butler to brush his red beard.

"Lo, Donny-boy," said the Man of Mystery with a pleasant nod.

"Eh?" answered Don, bewildered.

"I want to apologize," said the seaman, hobbling over to him, hand outstretched. "Can you ever forgive me for taking that pot-shot at you?" The voice was Jack Beerymore's, but the evilly twisted face bore no resemblance to the actor's classic features.

"What are you dressed like that for?" Don

BIG SHOT

heard himself inquire as he automatically pumped the extended hand.

"We're going after diamonds," replied the seaman, withdrawing his clammy hand.

The next moment the one-legged seaman and the Man of Mystery had left the house, the front door slamming after them; and Don Gilholy turned to Randolph for an explanation.

"It's all very simple, sir," the butler answered. "Mr. Beerymore had to leave his lodging house rather hurriedly the other night, and in his haste left behind a priceless diamond necklace belonging to a young person named Beatrice Thornrose. The circumstances which forced his unceremonious departure make it impossible for Mr. Beerymore to return to the lodging house except in disguise. Mr. Bumpy is accompanying him somewhat reluctantly, because the whole affair is mixed up with gangsters and what not. . . . Begging your pardon, sir, are you ill?"

FREDERIC BONS, Jack Beerymore's understudy and now star of *The Duke's Study* during the inexplicable absence of the popular actor, was waging a determined assault upon the heart of Beatrice Thornrose. It is not often that one meets a goddess with the combined charms of beauty and wealth, and Frederic was making the most of his opportunities.

So, at about the time when Don Gilholy broke from his exile, Frederic and Beatrice stepped into a hired limousine, and Frederic royally bade the chauffeur to drive whither his heart desired for the next few hours.

Given a *carte blanche*, the chauffeur succumbed to nostalgia and decided to cruise through the old neighborhood where he had spent his boyhood dodging the truant officer. This had not quite the proper romantic background, but Frederic did not notice, so intent was his contemplation of the radiant goddess who sat beside him.

Physically, Frederic was the counterpart of Jack Beerymore, and during his years as understudy he had acquired most of Jack's mannerisms. But, after all, he was a counterpart vastly inferior to the original. He lacked that indefinable something which makes genius. At least, Jack Beerymore said so.

Beatrice, exquisitely regal, with hair like platinum, reclined against the luxurious cushions of the limousine, while Frederic, handsome in evening clothes and topper, held her bejeweled hand.

"I wonder where Jack is?" said Beatrice suddenly.

It was a jarring note to introduce into the conversation, this reference to an absent rival, but Frederic turned it to his advantage. "I shall be indebted to him always for leaving the play," he whispered. "It gives me the privilege of holding your hand at the end of act three every night and on Wednesday matinees."

A little frown puckered the girl's beautiful forehead.

"I wish I knew where he is," she muttered pettishly.

Again the jarring note, but again Frederic lightly turned it to his advantage. "Let us forget Jack Beerymore. He probably quit because he is jealous of your superior acting."

Beatrice shook her lovely head. "Perhaps I shouldn't tell you," she said, in a tone indicating that nothing could stop her from telling him. "But the evening before Jack disappeared I gave him a priceless diamond necklace to be repaired."

Frederic pursed his delicately moustached mouth and whistled. "You mean you think Jack absconded with the loot?"

Beatrice nodded sadly, as if she did not want to think evil of anyone but was going to make an exception in the case of Jack Beerymore.

With an effort Frederic preserved an expression of utmost sympathy. "I've always suspected that scoundrel of being a scoundrel," he snorted, patting her hand and mentally estimating that the diamond dinner ring on her third finger was worth at least fifteen thousand.

Beatrice smiled wanly, as if pleased to know there was one righteous man in the world. She returned the pressure of his fingertips with hers.

Frederic recognized this as an ideal moment to make a proposal of marriage, and he realized that there were chumps who would have seized upon it. Instead, he contented himself by merely shaking his head in token of his dismay that Beatrice should have been victimized by such a lout.

As he was thus sluing his head idiotically, and revising his valuation of Beatrice's dinner ring on the second thought that a pawnbroker would probably only shell out six thousand dollars for the thing, his eyes rested on two strange figures who had just alighted from a taxi and were stumping along the opposite side of the street.

Following their movements through the rear-view window, Frederic wondered where he had seen those odd fellows before. He was still cudgelling his wits for the next half mile, when he remembered.

"They were Jack Beerymore!" he told Beatrice. "I'd recognize those costumes anywhere. He wore one of them in *The Tidewater Terror*, and the other in *Cloak and Topper*."

Beatrice started to protest that something was wrong with her companion's grammar or his eyesight. How could there be two Jack Beerymores walking down the street together? But Frederic had already leaned forward and shaken the brooding chauffeur.

"Turn back to 711 West Ache Street," he blurted. "And pick up the first policeman we meet!"

BIG SHOT

The SKYMAN

By Cydon Whitney

OH-OH, BACKFIRE!
LOOKS LIKE MY CAR
DEALER, THE "SMIRKING
SCOTCH-MAN," DEALT ME
A LEMON OF A LIMOUSINE!

BANG
BANG

OWN A DREAM
HOME!
READY FOR
IMMEDIATE
OCCUPANCY!

BETTER BEAR DOWN ON THE BRAKES AND
CHECK YOUR EXHAUST BEFORE YOU START
BERATING YOUR BENEVOLENT CAR DEALER,
ALLAN ---- FOR THAT BACKFIRE HAPPENS
TO BE BURSTING FROM THE BARREL OF A
PISTOL!

JUST COME BUSTING IN
HERE ONCE MORE, YOU
BLUBBERING BUZZARD --
I DARE YOU!!

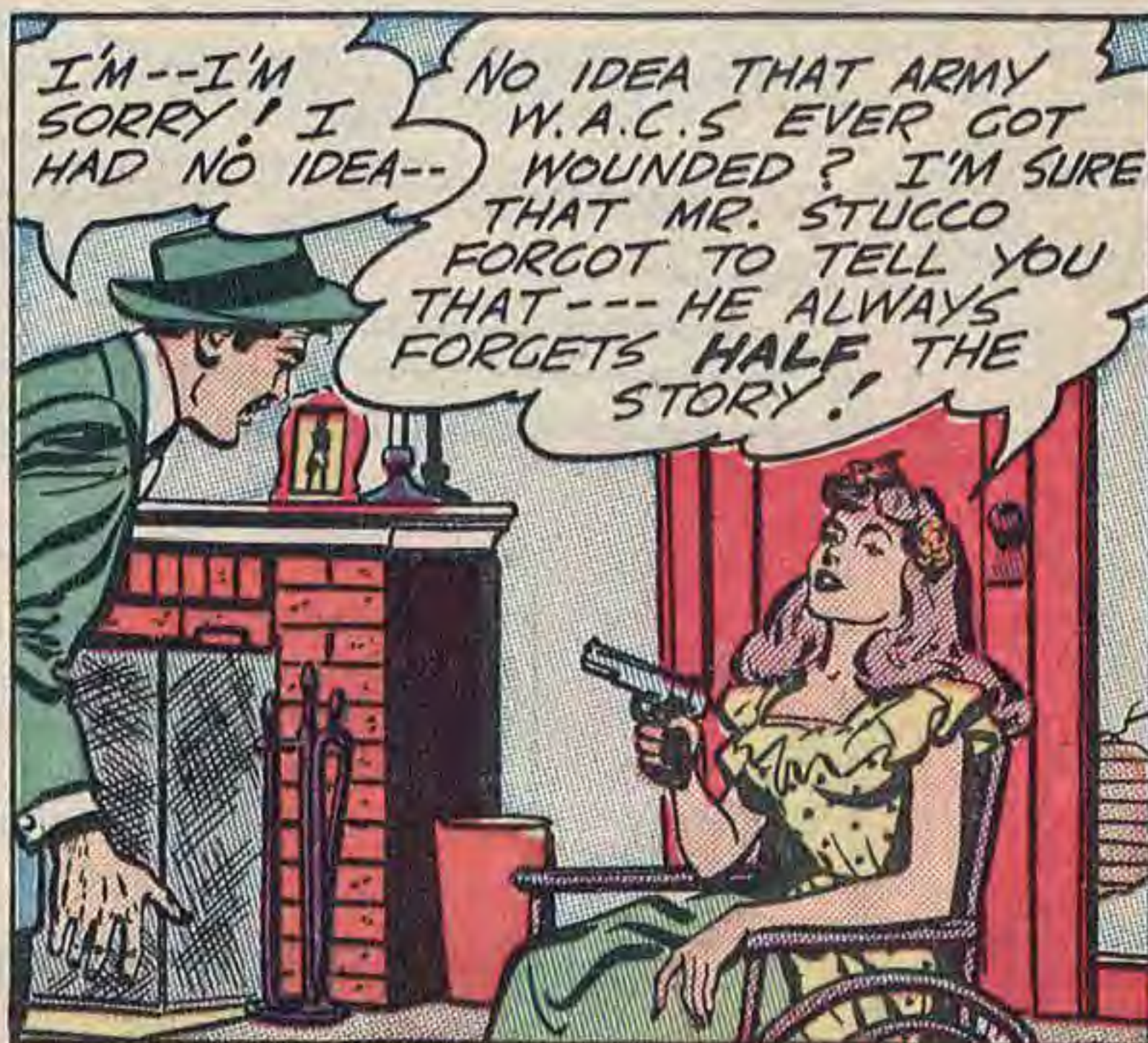
BANG
BANG

EGAD -- IT'S
MURDER I SAY!
IT'S COTTEN SO
THAT THE LIFE OF
A LAW ABIDING LAND-
LORD IS LITERALLY
WORTHLESS! (PUFF)

EASY DOES
IT, POP!
NOW WHAT'S
IT ALL ABOUT?



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

ONCE I PASS THIS SWINDLE STORY ON TO COMMISSIONER CHANDLER, STUCCO WILL HAVE PLENTY--
HMMM, WHERE IS STUCCO?



AS ALLAN TURNER DRIVES OFF, THE WHEREABOUTS OF SYLVESTER STUCCO BECOME APPARENT....

THANKS, MY FOOLISH FRIEND FOR DOING AWAY WITH MISS CLARKSON'S GUN! NOW--HEH--TO DO AWAY WITH MISS CLARKSON!



Y-YOU?? GET OUT! YOU'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER PAYMENT ON THIS PASTEBOX PALACE FROM ME!

THIS PAYMENT'S ON ME, MY DEAR! A FINAL ONE--DOWN IN THE CELLAR!



CAN'T YOU JUST PICTURE THE NEWS STORY, MISS CLARKSON? "DISABLED GIRL VICTIM OF ACCIDENT AS CELLAR WATER PIPE BURSTS!"



INFERIOR PLUMBING CRUMBLES VERY CONVENIENTLY, MY DEAR!

NO! PLEASE, MR. STUCCO--
NO-O!



AN HOUR LATER, AS ALLAN ENTERS THE OFFICES OF THE BUILDING COMMISSIONER....

I'M SOR-RY, BUT UNLESS YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT--

SAVE THE RED TAPE TO TIE UP YOUR TITIAN TRESSES WITH!



BIG SHOT



I'M SORRY TURNER, THIS ISN'T THE FIRST COMPLAINT WE'VE HAD AGAINST STUCCO, BUT WE MUST HAVE PROOF OF DELIBERATE FRAUD! MERE EVIDENCE OF, AH -- CARELESSNESS WON'T STICK!



LOOKS LIKE STUCCO'S GOT ME STUMPED! GOT A REPORT OF A BUSTED WATER MAIN OVER AT THE LIBERTY LANE PROJECT, PETE!

TOO BUSY TO CHECK ON IT THIS MOMENT!

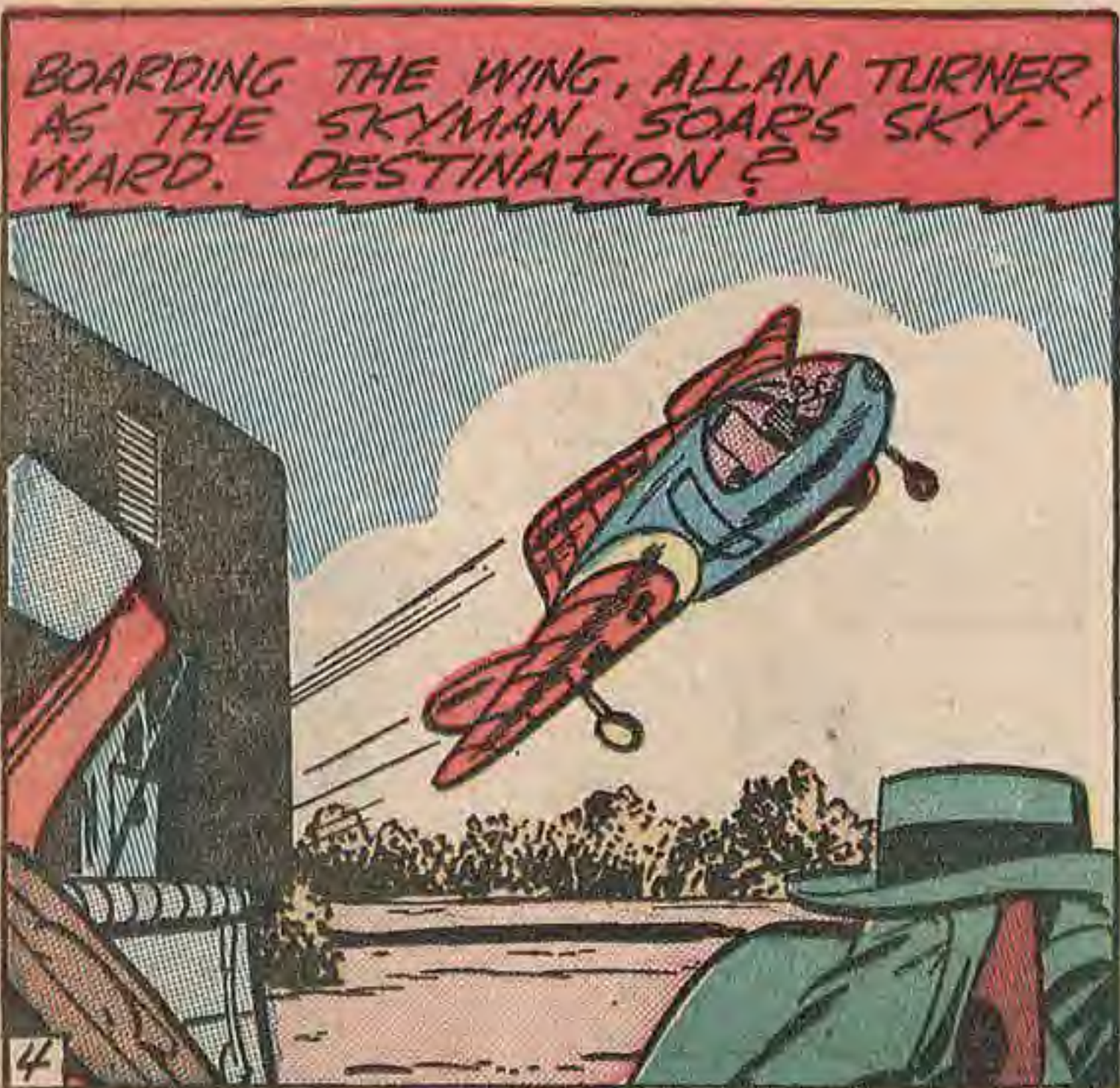


LIBERTY LANE! THAT'S AT CATHY CLARKSON'S PLACE!

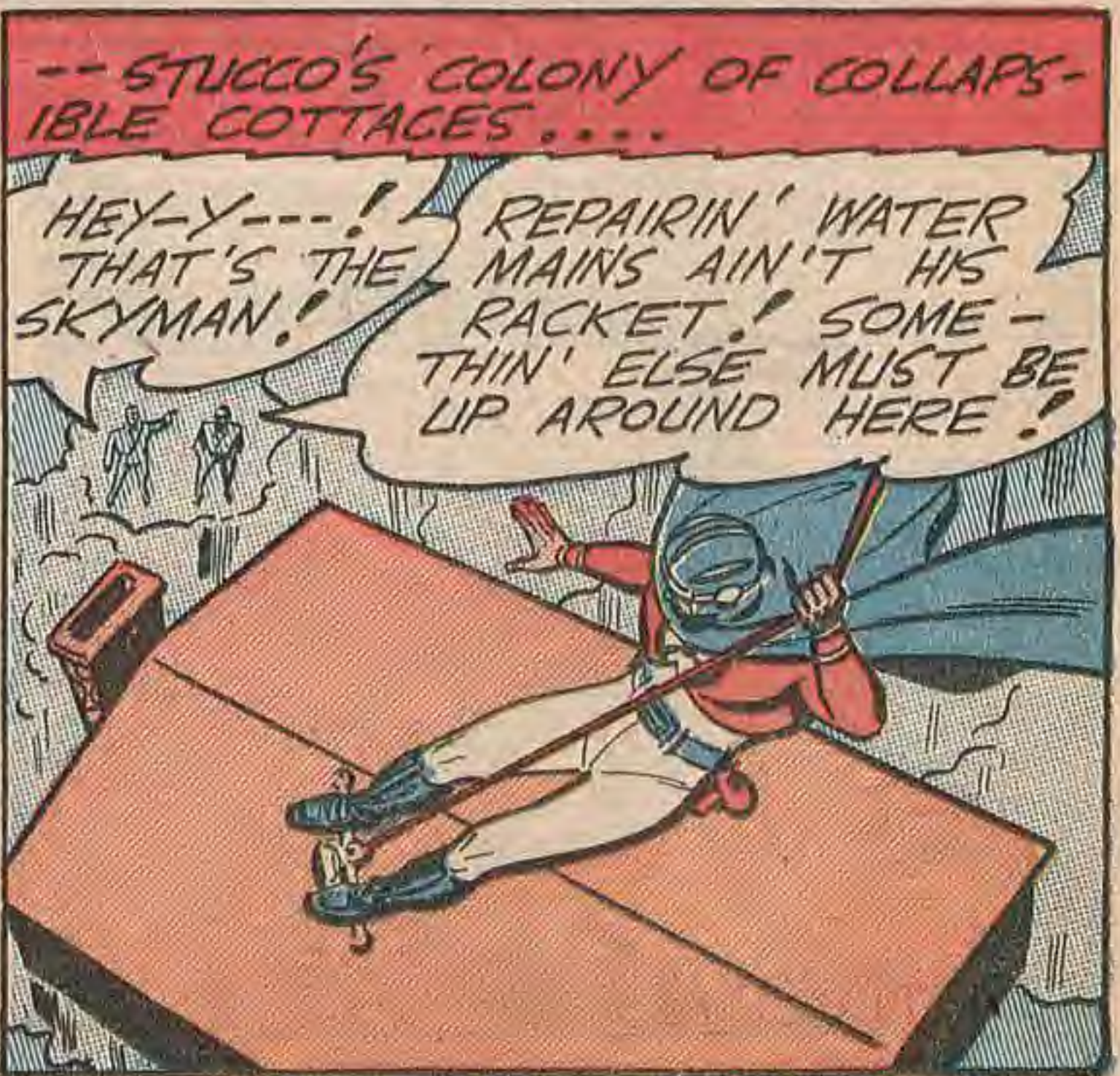


MINUTES LATER...

HELLO -- DIDN'T REALIZE I'D HAVE TO PASS THE SKYDROME TO REACH STUCCO'S PROJECT! LOOKS LIKE THIS BUGGY'S GOING TO HAVE TO BOW OUT FOR THE WING!



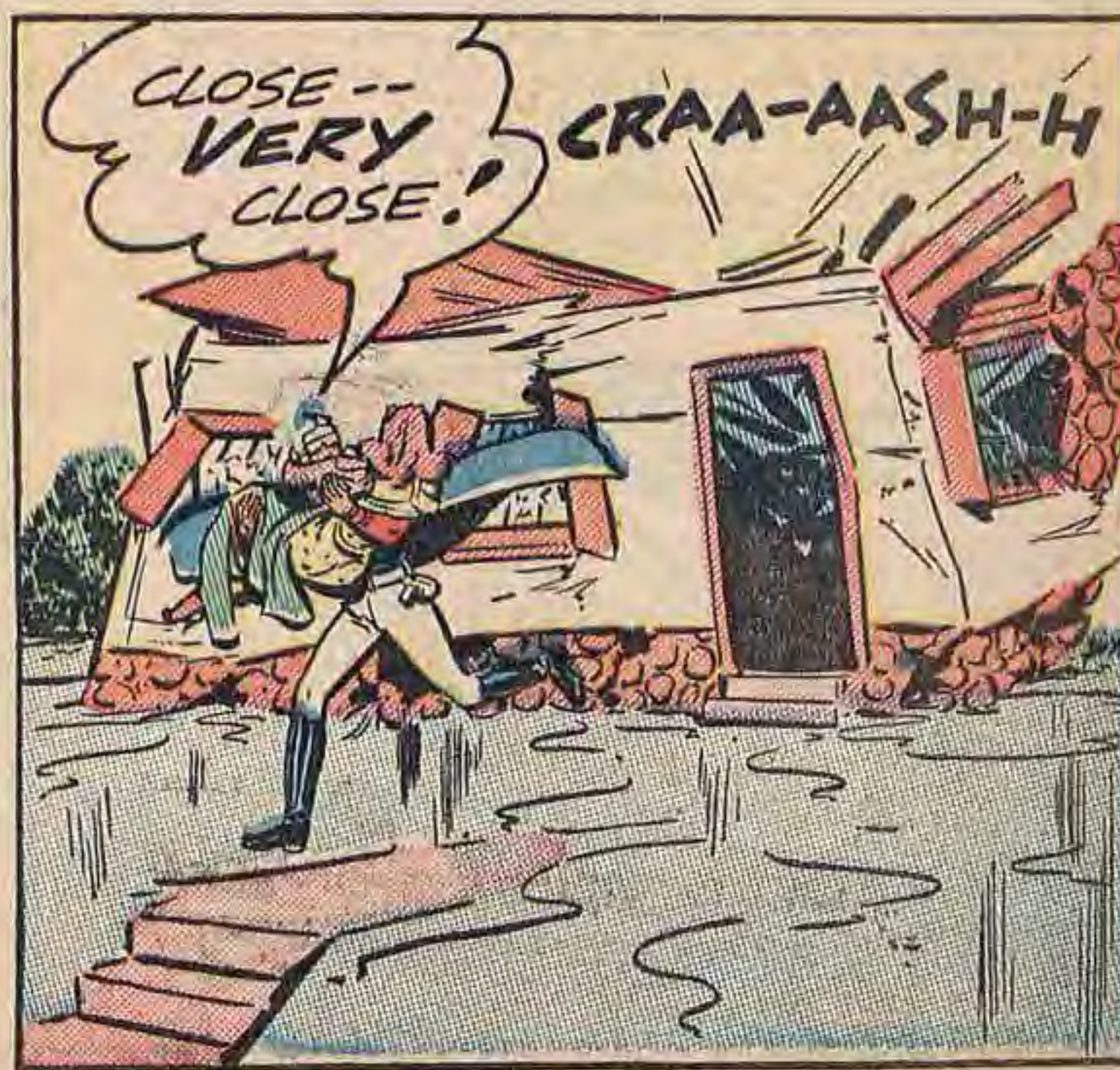
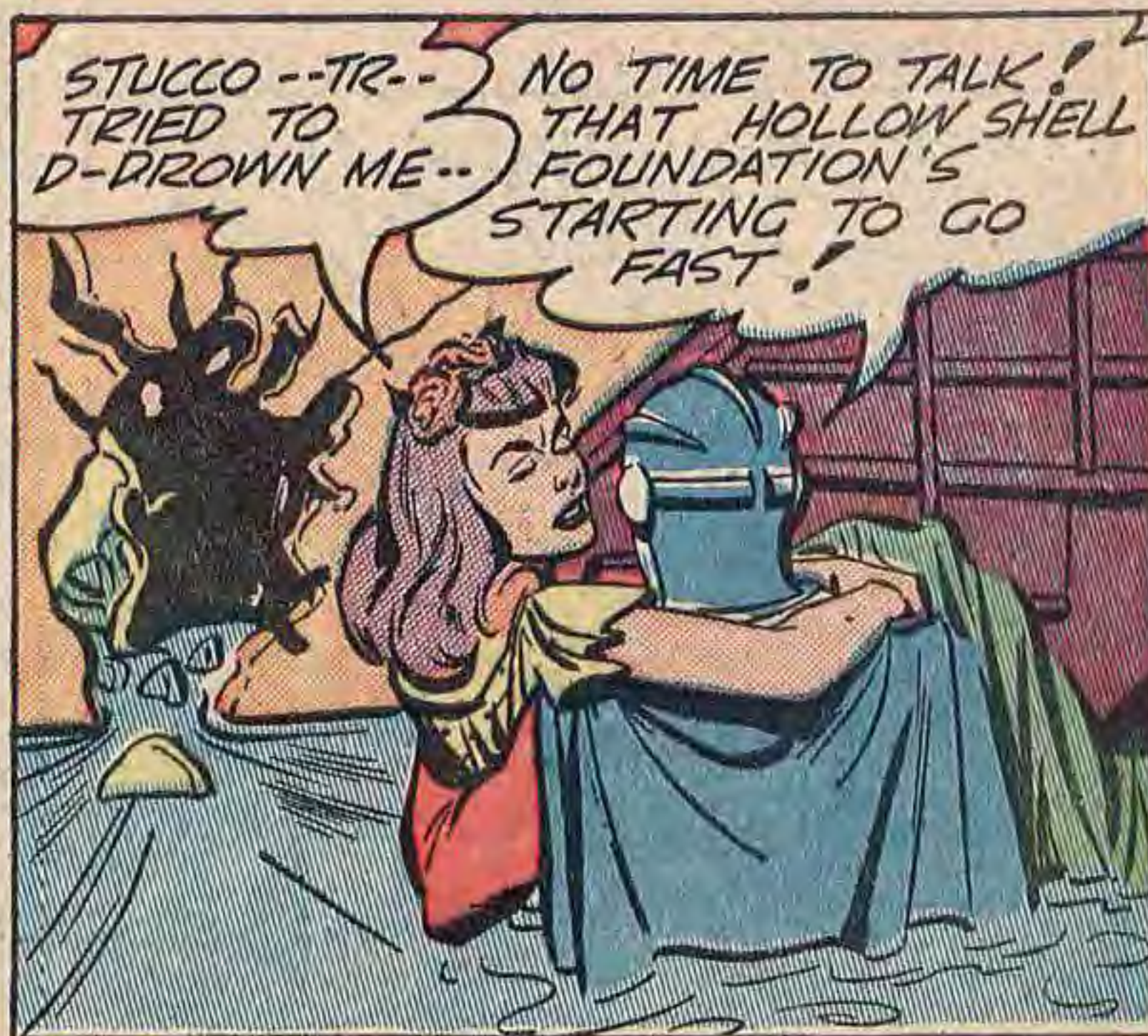
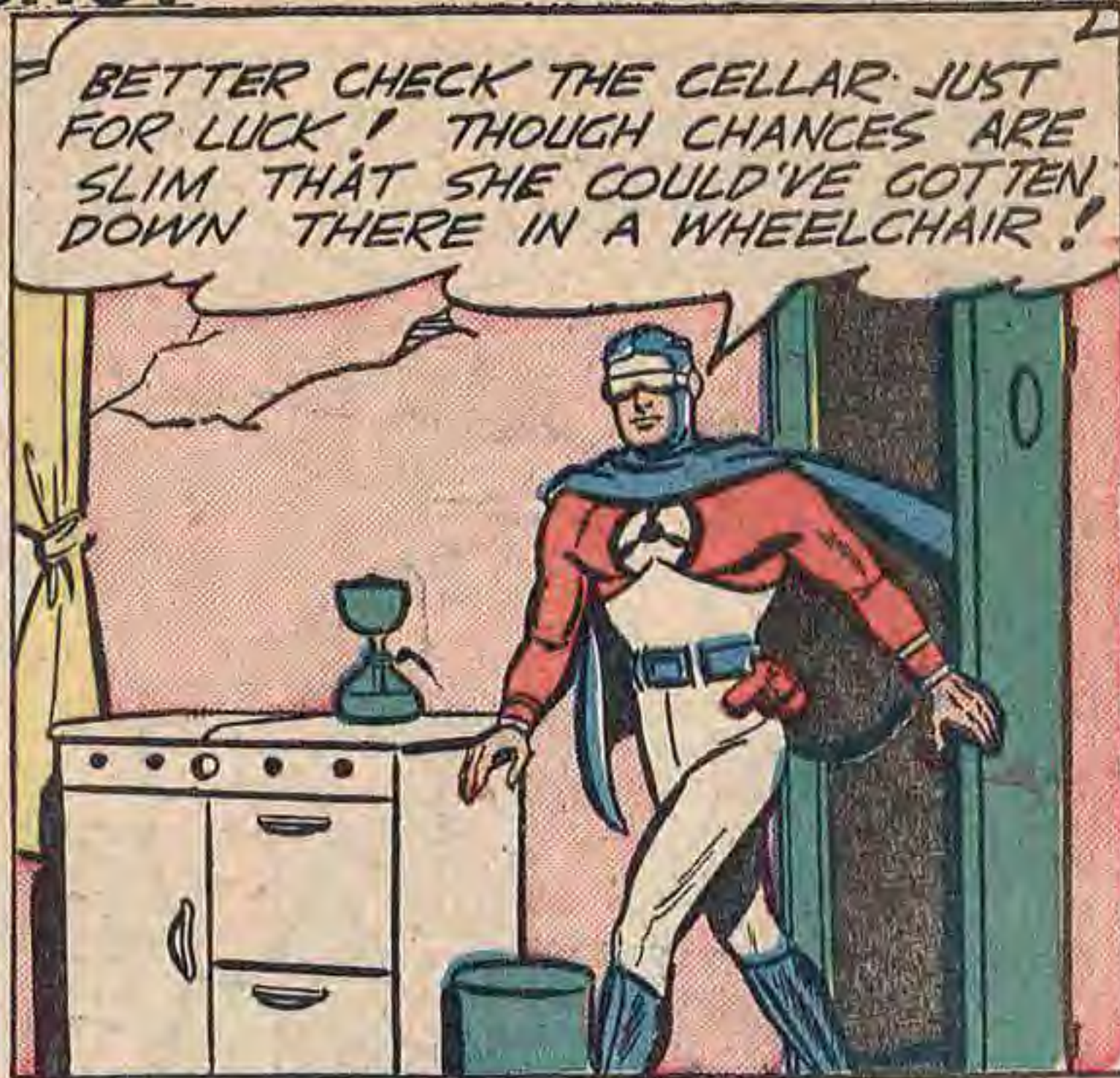
BOARDING THE WING, ALLAN TURNER AS THE SKYMAN, SOARS SKYWARD. DESTINATION?



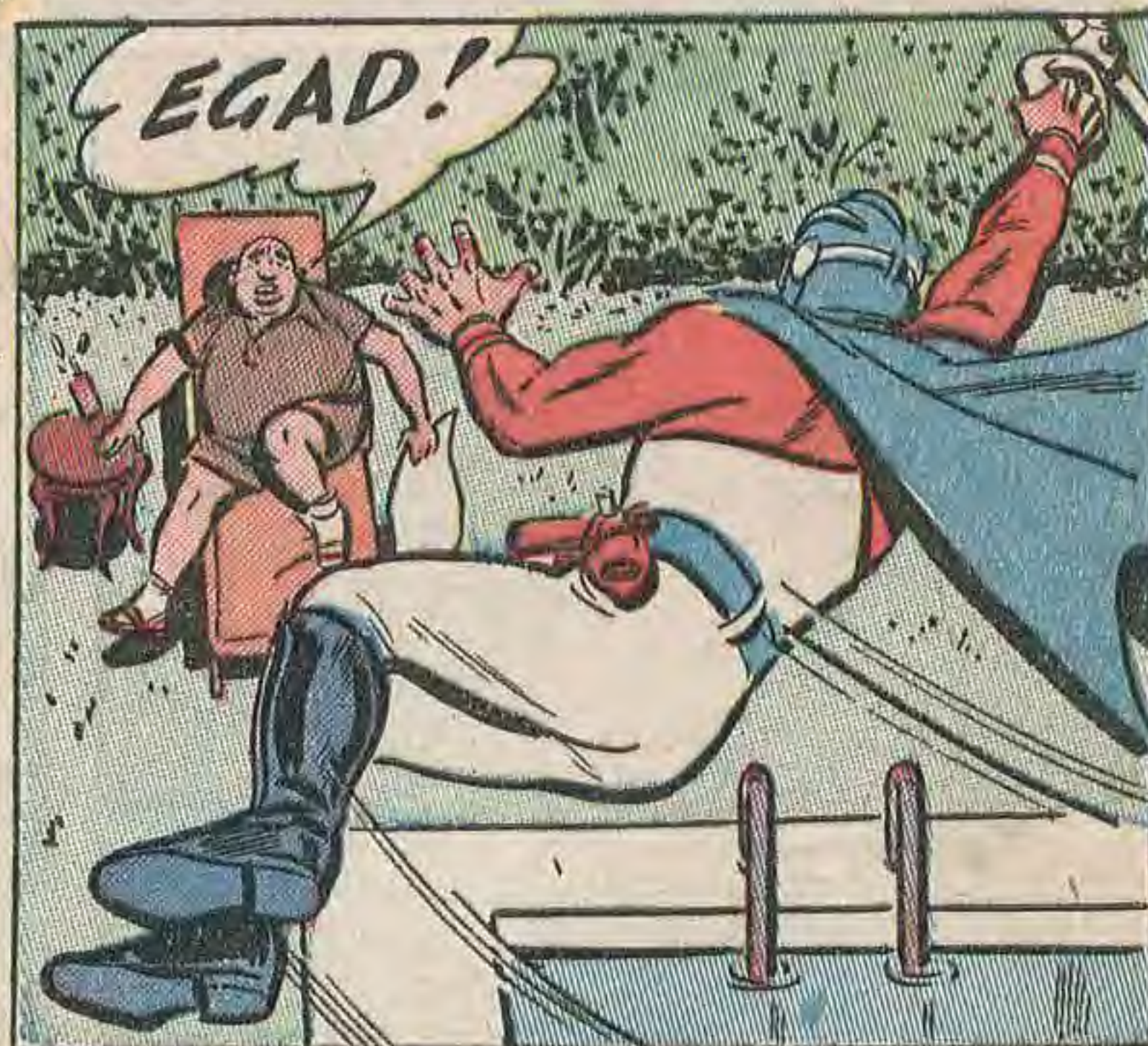
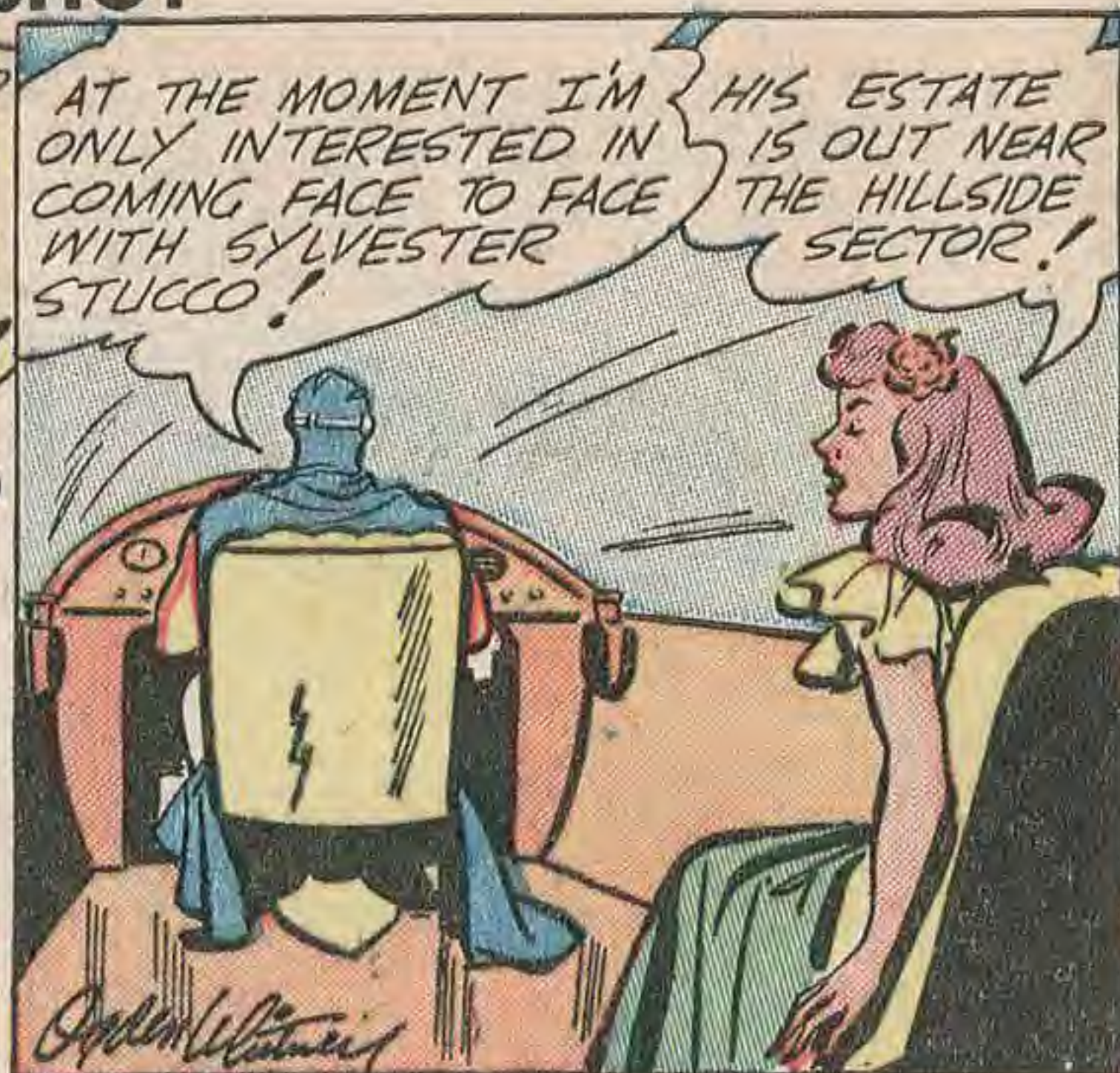
-- STUCCO'S COLONY OF COLLAPSE-IBLE COTTAGES...

HEY-Y---! REPAIRIN' WATER MAINS AIN'T HIS RACKET! SOMETHIN' ELSE MUST BE UP AROUND HERE!

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



WHAT DID TONY TRENT CARRY IN HIS BRIEF CASE THAT THE MOST RUTHLESS FOREIGN AGENT IN EUROPE WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO OBTAIN POSSESSION OF IT?



TONY TRENT'S A LUCKY STIFF!— BEING ASKED TO STAY AFTER THE PRESS CONFERENCE FOR A PRIVATE SESSION WITH THE BIG CHIEF.

WHAT A SCOOP

HE'LL HAVE!

I'D GIVE A YEAR'S PAY TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON BEHIND THAT DOOR.

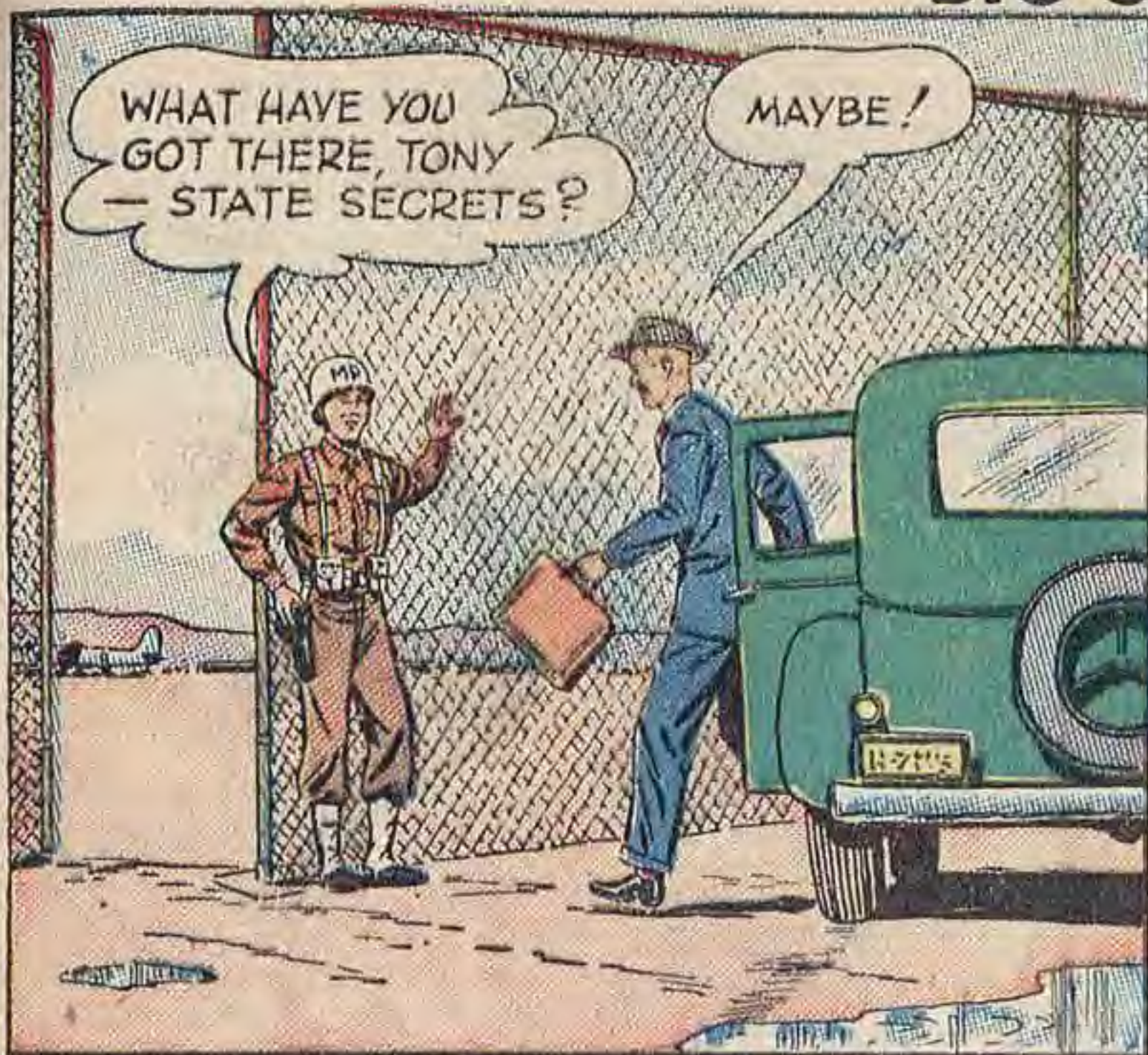


HERE'S TRENT NOW!

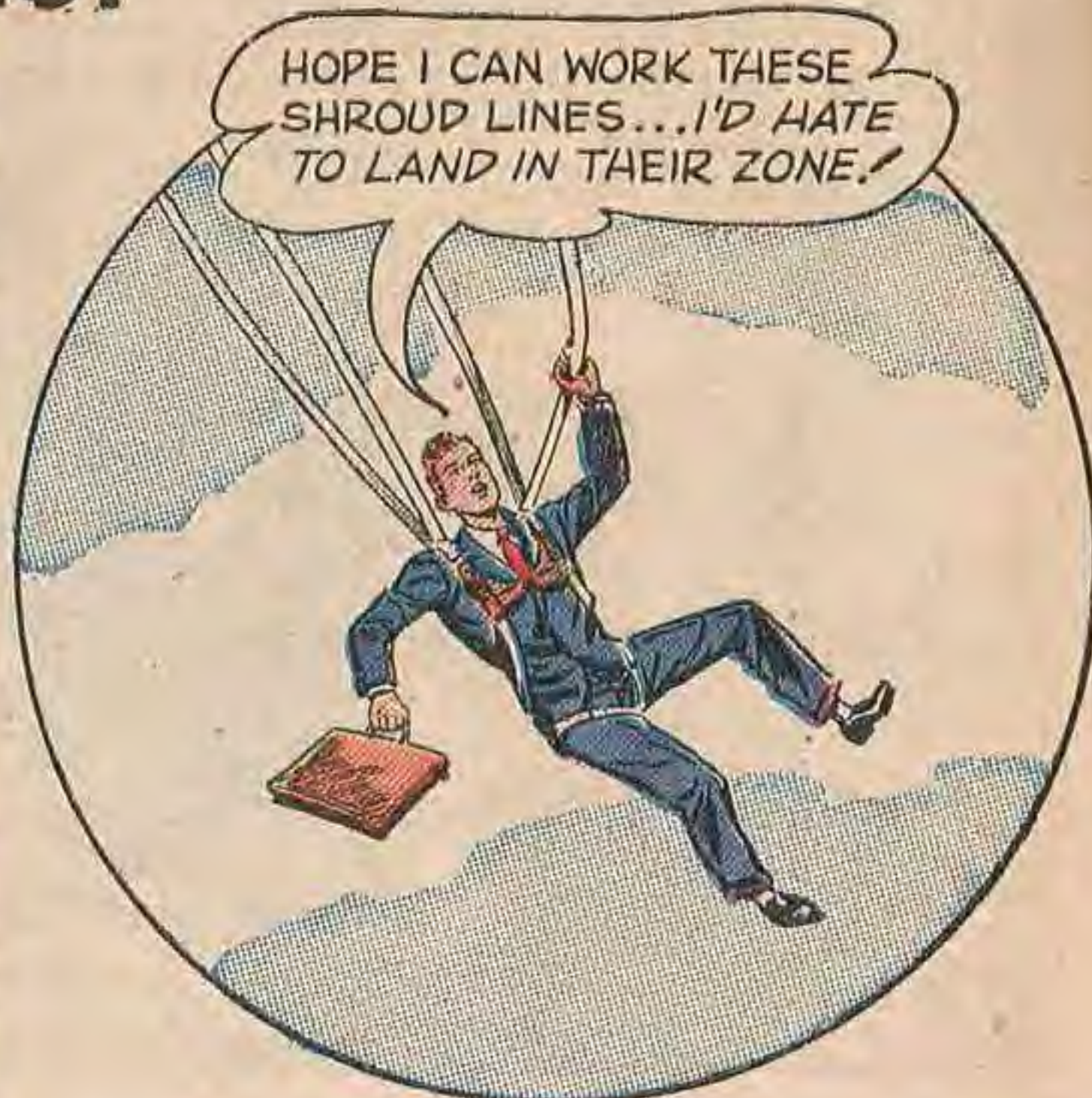
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



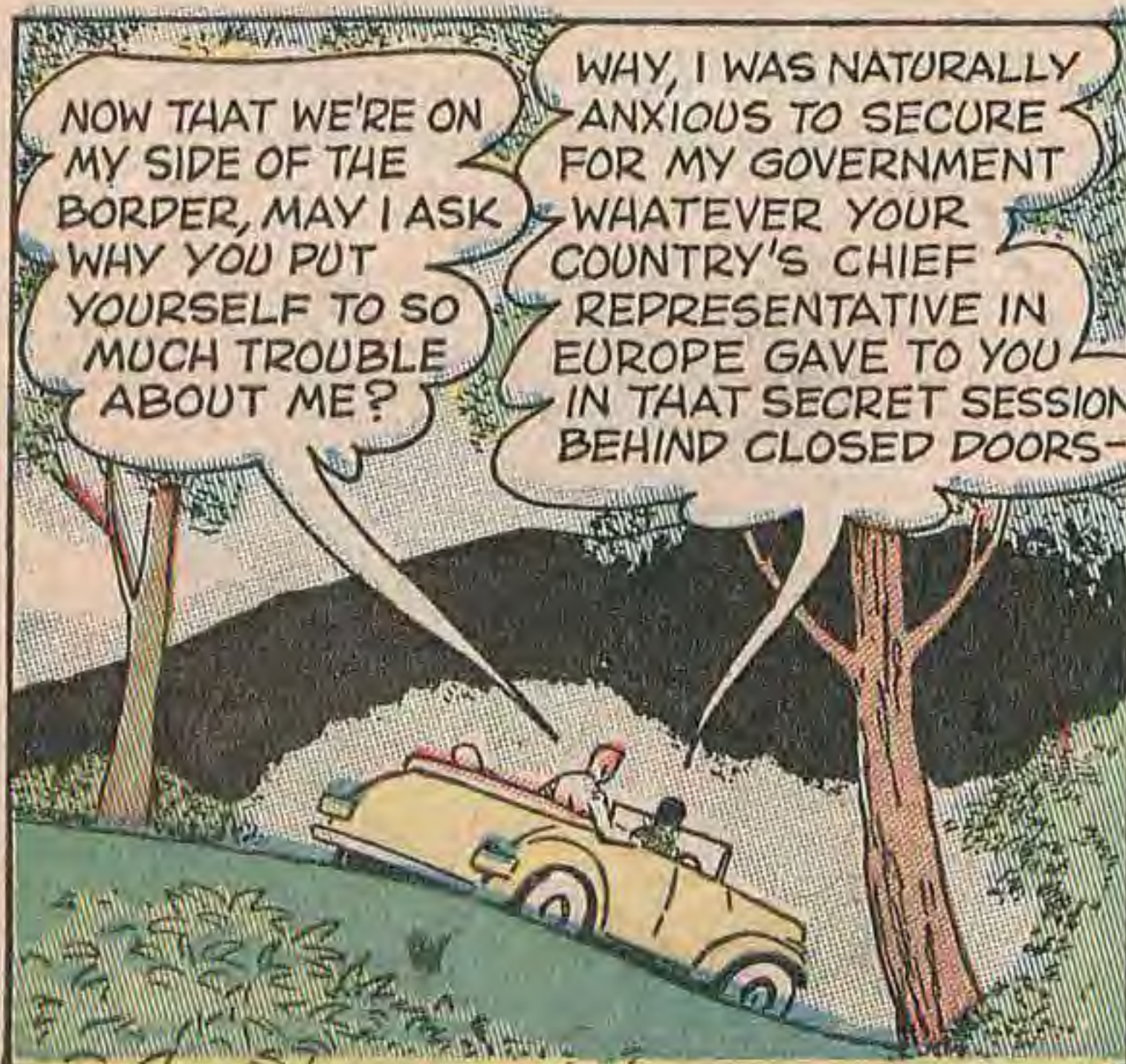
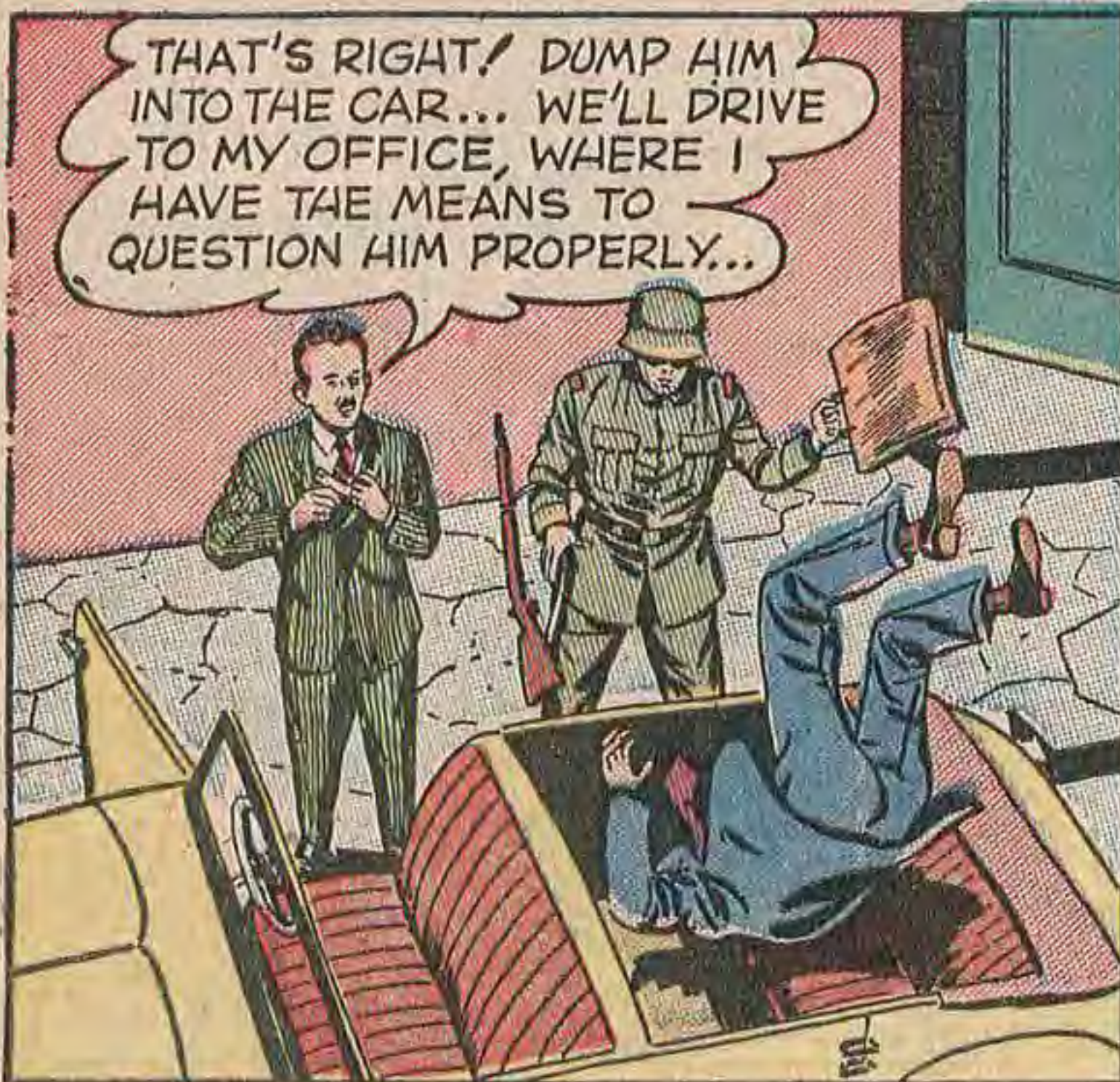
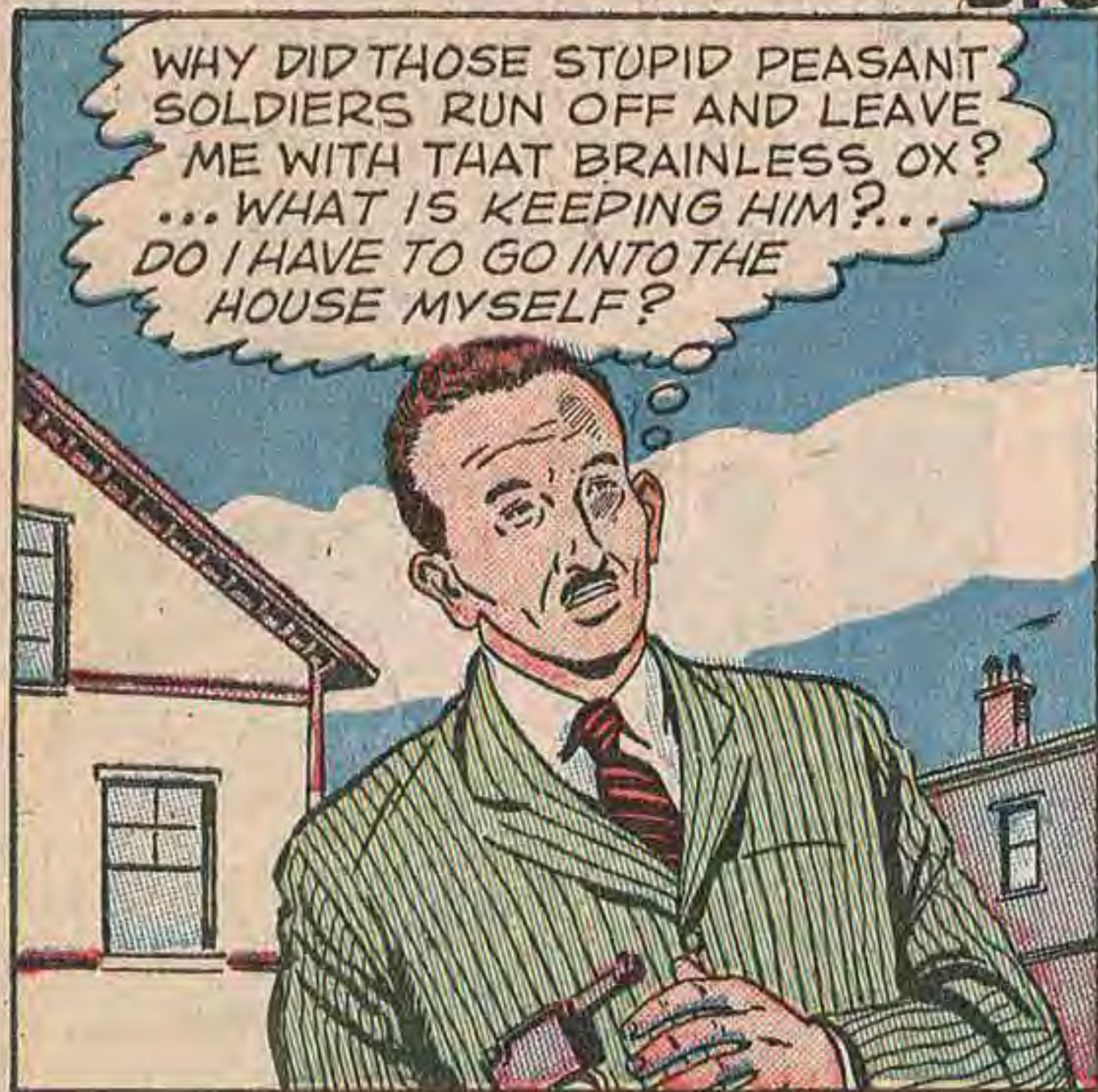
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



The 97 lb. Weakling

Who Became "the World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU, too can be a NEW MAN!" — *Charles Atlas*

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension." It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," and "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept 329P, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of Title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man."

CHARLES ATLAS

Dept. 329P, 115 East 23rd Street
New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me — give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No. (if any).....State.....